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Dramatic Entrance

About one-half the reports of the war are written by propaganda artists, one-quarter by innocent wishful thinkers, one-eighth by honest newspapermen who know their way about, and the remainder by the ghost of E. Phillips Oppenheim. The latter was undoubtedly the author of the news about Rudolph Hess, Number 3 Nazi, going off alone in a Messerschmitt fighter and landing in Scotland with identification papers and medicine for his heart and gall bladder.

From here on you can make up your own story, but we guarantee it will not be so sensational or fantastic as the truth. Is Herr Hess a twentieth-century version of the Trojan Horse? Will he suddenly and single-handed conquer Britain by the shrewdest of possible lies and betrayals? Is he a refugee from a threatened purge? Did he come to take over after Hitler's armies conquer the country? Or is he just insane, as the Nazi dispatch broadly hints? This will be, we venture to predict, one of the classic stories of history, and it may be that there will be as many true versions of it as there are historians.

Germany and Vichy

The most intriguing stages of the war occur between the great land battles, when Herr Hitler marshals his diplomatic forces preparatory to the next military move. Emissaries make mysterious flights between capitals, the seclusion of a statesman in his villa is a signal for rumored upheavals in his country's policy, and the remarks of minor generals blossom into major pronouncements. Such a bewildering stage exists now and the negotiations proceeding between Berlin and Vichy are clearly planned as part of one of those staggering European round-ups that Herr Hitler has fancied in the past but has never quite brought off. The collaborationists have come to the fore in France and there is no voice to answer them. De Brinon, Vichy ambassador to Paris, warns that entry into the war by the United States will mean a continental coalition against us; Ambassador Leahy is bitterly attacked as a blackmailer using food as a reward for French coöperation; the French air secretary departs for Dakar to study its air defenses. Finally, Admiral Darlan confers with Hitler, preparatory, it is said, to a meeting between the latter and Stalin and Mussolini. The Admiral has obtained, it is thought, a reduction of French occupation costs and the release of many prisoners. If this is true, it means that Vichy is making concessions that will aid the Germans in their next military advance; we should expect them to concern Syria, North Africa and possibly the French fleet. Here, in short, is a situation in which optimism would seem to have no place whatsoever.

Russia's Finger in the Pie

Speculations on the future policy of the Soviet Union never cease, and Stalin springs many surprises. At the moment, the picture presented to the world is of an intention to profit from German aggression in the Middle East, as Russia formerly profited from German aggression in Northern Europe. Hitler will go ahead and do the fighting, while Stalin will refrain from opposing him, at the price of minor territorial concessions. This picture is made up of several elements: first, Moscow's ineffectual grumbling about Germany's conquest of Bulgaria and Serbia, evidently put forth for bargaining purposes; second, the neutrality pact

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with Japan, to secure the Eastern frontier and perhaps to embroil Japan with the United States; third, warnings to the army of threatened action; fourth, Stalin's decision to take over, for the first time, an official position by becoming Premier; fifth, Moscow's recognition of the Irak government which is fighting Britain.

What is the price this time? Perhaps part of Iran and access to the Persian Gulf. Perhaps even part of Turkey or a share in the control of the Dardanelles. At any rate, while the Communists go on denouncing the "imperialist war," the Soviet Union is playing the imperialist game for all it is worth.

Mr. Hoover Is Thinking of 1917

Mr. Hoover's broadcast told us that we should not enter the war because we are disunited; that we should supply Britain with "the maximum tools of war"; and that we should keep our minds open to the fact that the military situation is being transformed. It is indeed; and alas, the specific war that seems to be before Mr. Hoover's eyes is the one that was fought from 1914 to 1918. He sees action by the United States against Hitler in terms of transporting an army of 5,000,000 men in 40,000,000 tons of ships, an effort, he points out, that would take ten years to prepare. The corollary is that we have nothing to fear from Hitler for a corresponding period—a line of reasoning as obsolete as a World War glue-and-canvas plane.

The logic of the disunity argument is no stronger. Mr. Hoover correctly notes that the country is overwhelmingly convinced that "the tools" must be given to Britain and that this hemisphere must be defended. Where the disagreement comes is on the questions whether it is necessary to put the navy into action to get the tools to Britain and where successful hemisphere defense must start. Our former President argued neither point. He assumed that the ships would get there somehow, that saying "hemisphere defense" states the whole problem, and that his opinion is the only one on which unity is possible. The answer to these questions must be given by the strategic situation. We are confident that except for the very few who are willing to have their country "coördinated" with the Nazi state, the people of the United States will be united in approval of necessary decisions.

Reprisals in the Air

It appears that we must be prepared for a steady intensification of bombing raids by both Germany and Britain. The situation has not yet reached the point where reprisal raids follow on the heels of every attack and gradually develop into a ceaseless give and take, with hundreds of bombers employed by both sides. Perhaps it cannot reach this stage just now: regardless of the wishes of the Luftwaffe and the RAF, weather conditions and military demands elsewhere must limit complete concentration of the air forces on each other's ports and industrial centers. But recent moonlight nights and a pause in the Mediterranean area have given both sides a field day of which the only verifiable optimistic results have been the growing efficiency of British night fighters—clearly aided by the brightness of the moon. The RAF has, as usual, limited its objectives, concentrating its main fury on the ports where submarines are built and the Battle of the Atlantic begins. The Luftwaffe has also had the Atlantic in mind and British ports have had its maximum attention. The only deviation from this plan has been the blows at London, justified by its huge population and significance as a "capital of morale." The conclusion to be drawn from these violent attacks is not that which we are most tempted to adopt—that the free people of Plymouth and London can endure beyond the limits of the serfs of Hamburg and Bremen. The time is long past for such a shelving of the burden. Every bomb that falls on a British city must reiterate our determination to raise British air strength until reprisals are a greater menace to Germany than they are to Britain.

Japanese Love-Birds

What has come over the master race of the Pacific? For months we have been held in such low esteem by these god-sprung warriors that they have not bothered to send us so much as a cultural mission. Once, Japanese peace expeditions bobbed up here like robins in the spring, and as harbingers they were about as trustworthy. Now Nippon is suddenly anxious to send us her Foreign Minister Matsuoka. One might suppose that since adventure in the Indies would require pacification in the grand manner, this could be another robin. But is it? From some angles it looks like a plain case of jitters. Japan signed a non-aggression pact with her arch-enemy Russia, a pact which, to the vast disgust of Japanese extremists, did not even bar Soviet arms shipments to Chungking. She pushed the Franco-Thai peace conference to conclusion before wringing out even a specific treaty reference to rubber, a commodity she sorely needs. A belligerent Stimson speech is blamed for a drop in the Tokyo stock market; Japanese business men get palsy at the thought of losing the American silk market or finding the Panama Canal closed to them; even the army extremists face with dread the thought of an American embargo, although they have had years in which to build up reserves. Now the inspired press talks of peace with Chiang Kai-shek. Is this any way for a master race to act? Perhaps Japan now considers herself a "have" power with a stake in the status quo. Perhaps, like Italy and Russia, she feels Hitler is too dynamic a partner, and that she will be left holding the dirty end of the Axis. Or perhaps she has decided, after a decade of swinging her bat in everybody's face, that she isn't ready to play in the big leagues after all. At any rate, our new form of appeasement seems fully as appealing as our old ever

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was. If we now stop sending oil and munitions to Japan and increase shipments to China tenfold, we may suddenly find the Japanese genuinely in love with us.

The Scandal of Steel

It is hard to speak moderately about the steel situation. For many months, this country had been warned that present plant capacity was inadequate. All the facts were set out repeatedly; they were summarized in The New Republic's special supplement on Democratic Defense (February 17). At that time The New Republic showed we needed at a minimum 13,000,000 tons more than we could produce with existing capacity, and warned that within a few months, the disparity might be as much as 30,000,000 tons. These figures were hotly disputed. Irving S. Olds, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, insisted that existing capacity was quite adequate; spokesmen for the industry talked about an increase of only 2,000,000 tons. Mr. Gano Dunn, Senior Consultant in the production division of the OPM, made a report on a basis of which President Roosevelt, immediately after our supplement appeared, announced that there was nothing to worry about.

That was in February; but now in May, the industry suddenly admits that The New Republic and other critics were right and that it was wrong. A shortage of at least 20,000,000 tons is now seen for next year. It is explained that the industry did not realize the national income would be expanded. This is utterly ridiculous; every competent economist in the country knew in February this fact which the steel business did not find out until May. The industry's leaders further say that they did not expect so much steel would be needed to help Britain. In the name of heaven, what *did* they expect? Did they think we were playing tiddly-winks?

What is true of steel is also true of aluminum. For many months we were told that aluminum facilities were adequate and there was no need of expanding capacity. Now we suddenly hear of a shortage of alarming proportions. As a result, there will be no aluminum whatever for civilian use next year—a gross hardship on the American people and one that could have been avoided with any degree of intelligent foresight.

We should like to see a congressional investigation to determine who is responsible for these appalling blunders. It should include the names of those individuals in the State Department who conspired with men in the metallurgical industries to continue month after month to send vast quantities of iron and steel to Japan so that she could more effectively wage war on China. Mistakes on a scale like this become crimes; the men responsible should be publicly exposed.

The Attorney General on Civil Liberties

Attorney General Jackson raised some important questions in his address on May 7. He complained that American civil liberties are too rigid, and suggested it might be well to give our government tremendous powers which in practice it would not use, in order to fight effectively against foreign enemies in our midst. This seems dubious doctrine. Presumably one of the ways he would like to see government's powers increased would be through enactment of the Hobbs bill to permit wire-tapping. It is highly doubtful, however, whether these additional powers would really aid the end Mr. Jackson has in mind. The value of wire-tapping in counter-espionage has been questioned by competent authorities. Spies would hardly run the risk of using the telephone. On the other hand, wire-tapping, and the atmosphere it creates, are invaluable in bringing about a reign of terror against unpopular minorities.

Mr. Jackson in his speech observed: "Let me say to you that the enemies of America are not idle. They show up at congressional hearings to oppose every move to strengthen our law enforcement: they show up in court astutely to raise every legal difficulty to prevent convictions and to obstruct obtaining evidence; they propagandize endlessly against investigative officials and agencies, against prosecution policies, against law enforcement itself." The context seems to make it clear that Mr. Jackson had in mind the hearings on the wire-tapping proposal. Among those who testified against it were Representative Coffey, James L. Fly, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, and representatives of the AFL, the CIO, the Railroad Brotherhoods, the American Labor Party and the American Civil Liberties Union. Does the Attorney General feel that these individuals and groups are "enemies of America"?

The Unprivileged One-Tenth

The failure to give the Negro access to his rightful place in national defense is assuming the proportions of a scandal. Many defense plants will not hire Negroes at all, and others give them few or no opportunities beyond those of common labor. This tenth of our nation has much to offer. The National Urban League estimates that one-fifth of the Negro adult population is trained for skilled or white-collar work. Just as Jim Crowism in the armed services has produced an unhealthy atmosphere on both sides of the color line, so defense industries are creating psychological barriers to civil unity. It simply is not true that blame for this must be equally shared by industry and labor unions, an excuse which The New York Times is now repeating. Only a few AFL craft unions make color distinctions; the Urban League says that fewer than twenty-five out of two hundred major unions have constitutional bars to Negroes, and that in practice locals will admit to membership anyone they favor. The CIO has been friendly to the Negro, and its attitude in this regard has been highly praised by Negro leaders.

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News Notes of a Week

Immigration officers seized 160 German sailors and 55 Italians known to be in the United States illegally. . . . John Maynard Keynes, visiting here, got a big press for his proposal for "deferred pay," as a means of preventing inflation. New Republic readers have read his arguments for it in these pages. "With enormously increased production there are only three ways of avoiding inflation. These are higher prices, higher taxes, or greater savings." . . . Washington gave out the story that twenty-seven merchant ships carrying munitions are about to be dispatched to the Red Sea. Axis powers have threatened to sink them. Will they be convoyed? . . . The Senate Commerce Committee reported the bill to empower the President to take over all idle foreign shipping by a favorable vote of 11 to 4.

British, allied and neutral shipping losses for April totaled 488,124 tons, the heaviest of any month except June, 1940, which included Dunkirk sinkings. . . . A note of comedy in the dangerous situation was as usual provided by Signor Mussolini's press department, which said that Italian planes had bombed and hit six British warships and left them belching smoke and flames. That is, left them with their guns firing. . . . The British sank a German raider, the former Albert Ballin, in the Indian Ocean and said they had sunk 70 percent of the submarines Germany commissioned during the past twelve months. How many?

The Lesson of Last Time

THIS COUNTRY is now engaged in a tremendous effort at national defense. In many important ways we face the same problems we did twenty-four years ago after entering the Great War. In view of this, it is extraordinary that so little effort is being made to profit by that experience. On point after point we are repeating exactly the mistakes that we made then. In the Great War, these mistakes crippled our war effort, so much so that most of what the AEF did in France had to be accomplished with weapons borrowed from the British or French. This time, the continued failure, if it is not checked soon enough, may destroy the independent life of this nation.

Everyone who is well informed about what is happening in the defense effort knows that this statement is not mere sensational alarmism. The defense program is very much smaller than it ought to be; but even within the limits of its own standards it is lagging, and lagging badly. The President still keeps all final authority in his own hands and the result is that his subordinates are failing in tasks which could only be forced through if behind their orders lay complete power. In other words, Mr. Roosevelt is trying to appease the private business interests of the nation, by demanding that the government officials shall bargain with and conciliate them. It was the policy that caused the failure of NRA, and it will always fail, not because business men are unpatriotic, which is not true, but because they are meshed into a system which operates only under the stimulus of manufacturing for profit and taking no unnecessary risks and is particularly ineffective under the pressure of an urgent time limit. As Thurman Arnold points out in this issue, no country in which such a system functions unchecked can produce goods as rapidly as one in which costs and profits are not considered and physical production is the only goal. This is not to say that we must turn socialist or Nazi to win. What we need is to speed up our own system to the requisite amount, making sure that taxes are heavy enough to require us to pay the proper proportion as we go, that consumption goods are adequately but not excessively limited, and that we do not lay a disproportionate amount of the war burden on the poor, which is what many highly placed gentlemen would do if they were given the chance. To bring this about, we need a very large program—larger than can possibly be cleared across the desk of one man, even an able executive like the President.

Beyond this, what is necessary? The New Republic the other day asked one of the ablest Americans connected in an extremely important way with the war effort in 1917-18 for his views. The following is a paraphrase of his comments.

First, you need men in control of production who not only have clear and complete authority, but can decentralize the task of execution under that authority. These men should then be held responsible for production. It is nonsense to suppose that in a time of emergency you cannot call in to represent the government key figures from each important industry and set them to policing their own fields of business. The argument is sometimes made that such men would enter into a conspiracy with the industry itself against the public interest. But this is not true if (a) the emergency is real, (b) the men are carefully chosen and (c) they know their failure will result in their being brought to task instantly and perhaps before the eyes of the whole country. And anyhow, you have no choice; only an insider can tell what any industry is capable of doing, whether the alibis that are offered are genuine or not, and so on.

Second, the procurement work of the army and navy must be tremendously expanded and meshed in closely with the overriding authority of the civilian defense executive. Between wars, the army and navy shrink to a small size, and through the operation of seniority, men sometimes take control of important operations who are in no way fitted, by experience, training and innate character, to carry them out on the necessary large scale. The machinery must be expanded and

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made adequate, no matter how many rules must be broken and no matter how many people's feelings are hurt. As part of this process, and indeed throughout the whole defense effort, too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of following up every order given to see that it is carried out. Otherwise you may get a program that looks fine on paper but amounts to very little in reality—and it is realities that win wars. The modern type of mechanized struggle should be right up the alley of the United States, the most industrialized country in the world.

Nothing could be a worse disaster than such a proposal as is embodied in the Cox amendment to the Vinson bill, recently passed by the House, setting up an independent priorities administration, responsible to Congress itself. Actually, under the terms of the Cox proposal, the army and navy would have the final say; and we know by long and bitter experience that these departments cannot be trusted to take a broad view of the whole situation. Their impulse is always to get their hands on a maximum quantity of material no matter whether they need it now or five years from now. A good example is the scandal of the purchase of lumber for cantonments, beginning about a year ago. The army lacked the courage to commandeer the available supply and then allocate it for various uses including civilian defense activity; instead, it tried to buy up for its own immediate use practically all the lumber in the country, although drafted men would be arriving in driblets over a long period. The result was that manufacturers with urgent defense contracts found that they could not get lumber with which to build the factories to produce these defense goods.

There are always manufacturers who will say, "Cut off goods to civilians so that we won't have to expand our plant and perhaps be caught with excess capacity after the national-defense effort is over." The military mind will agree with this vicious and irresponsible doctrine and will go even farther. Control of priorities therefore certainly ought to be in the hands of civilians who will know enough not to destroy civilian morale by totally unnecessary hardships.

Third, prices must be controlled at just the right moment and with great care and skill. In a system such as ours, introduction of price controls too quickly and over too wide an area may have undesirable effects. On the other hand, controls must be brought to bear before inflation actually starts; otherwise the cost of living rises and defense production is hampered by strikes among workers who are seeking not to get their real wages increased, but only to have them remain the same, by keeping abreast of the shrinking power of the dollar. We must of course take away increased profits by drastic taxation so that we keep down to an absolute minimum profits made out of the national emergency.

Fourth, there must be coördination of the efforts of firms within an industry as well as between industries. This, however, must be carefully watched by the Department of Justice to make sure that old bad habits of price fixing and limitation of output do not reappear under the guise of "mobilization for defense."

Fifth, the men in charge of the effort must have a clear over-all picture of how the tasks are being carried out. Few army and navy men—and indeed, few business men—understand the use of statistics, graphs and charts on the scale that is necessary when you are spending seven billion dollars in a year and letting contracts for nearly three times that amount. Unless the man at the top knows just how much has been contracted, how much is in process of manufacture, how much has been delivered and how much has been used up, he cannot do his job effectively.

It is obvious that the sort of effort this experienced veteran of 1917 has in mind is a serious one. It involves a nationwide and ironclad system of priorities. It involves far more curtailment of consumers' goods than is envisaged in a cut in automobile production of 21 percent. It involves, in short, dropping everything we are doing that interferes seriously with meeting the greatest danger by which this country has ever been faced. If we are not willing to make such an effort, we shall have justified in great part the scornful observations of Hitler and his friends about "the decadence of the democracies." And we shall have put ourselves in mortal peril of losing our freedom.

Five Minutes to Twelve

WHEN Germany invaded Poland, and war was declared, it was the Labor Party that spoke for England. Since that day it has been the will of the people of England, not the self-interest of the few ignoble and selfish men who remain in power, that has turned every defeat into victory. With Poland and France gone, with Greece finally overwhelmed, and with the Mediterranean threatened, the people of England have continued to fight, strengthened by the hope we have held out to them. Our promises, to be sure, are not based on pure altruism. We have given hope to England because we felt her battle was our own, her danger a foretaste of ours.

Is that hope false? When France fell, and the beaches and fields of England were threatened, we drove a hard deal for a few aged destroyers. When the German army crashed through the Vardar Valley, we sent a few gunboats; when Britain's army was beaten back into the Aegean we promised a greater production of bombers—in the future. Are democracy and freedom words for us, and no more? It is not in the future that Britain is suffering; it is now. It is now that her people are waiting sleepless for the sound of

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the bombers; it is now that her young men and women have only days to live and do not know it; it is now that the wardens are searching for the crushed and broken bodies of England's children, deep in the ruins of her fallen cities.

What have we done to rescue the English people? We have felt deeply, and worked hard; but deeply enough? Hard enough? We have spoken with pride of our excellent policy of making our materials and England's men the front line of our defense. We have spoken a great deal of "defense," as Poland did, and as Belgium and Yugoslavia did. We have pointed to our generosity in sending so much to England, and we have wondered whether we shall ever get it back. We have sent to England no more than occupied France, wretched and disorganized as she is, has sent to Hitler. And we have not even replied, with action any more effective than the naval patrol, to Churchill's desperate appeal to get to England the materials we are producing for her.

Senator Nye has replied. He asked why we should go on backing a dead horse. Senator Vandenberg has replied, saying that we needn't worry, because only eight ships with American supplies have been sunk. That seamen from 106 ships were lost in April alone does not seem to be considered at all.

Why are we delaying, holding out hope and then giving no ground in which that hope can grow? Why are we still divided? Why does one part of industry so fear the ascension of labor that it is blind to the truth, while a part of labor fears industry in the same way, and is also blinded?

Some men in America still believe that there is no difference between democratic England and fascist Germany; that between a land with six hundred freely elected representatives and six million trade unionists, and a land with none of these, there is no difference. There is all the difference between the raised hand of a man free to vote no and go his own way in his own beliefs, and the lashes coming down on the back of a German who has dared to doubt.

Some men in America still fear that this time of armament will be a time of distress for labor, and loss of labor's rights. There is indeed a danger of this, but it need not be so if all of labor will put its shoulder to the wheel and seize the initiative from those striving to hold us back. This can be a time of tremendous social advance if we will make it so. For the first time in many years we shall approach full employment in America. When we do, we shall prove that we need never endure unemployment again. The skill of all men in America is needed; therefore we may win at last equality for our Negroes. Already our government has assumed the role which many of us have seen for it in the future society; 70 percent of all construction for defense is now either government-financed or government-owned. Our unions are steadily organizing, our Congress has as yet sacrificed no basic rights and on the whole seems resolved not to. From the democratic revolutions by which the peoples of Europe and China will finally end this war, we shall draw a tremendous inspiration, and by our own example we shall add to the world's new impetus of progress.

Some men in America still believe that the forces behind the President's foreign policy are predominantly the forces of industry. They are wrong again. The forces of isolation in this country are predominantly anti-labor forces. They are the narrow and dying segment of the churches who still hope to claim the souls of men whose minds and bodies Hitler has enslaved. They are the scheming who want the war to stop so that Hitler's armies may be freed to fight the Soviet Union. They are the rich who fear the great solvents of the war, the leveling up of class, of privilege, of opportunity that it is bringing about. They are the ones who feared the people of Russia, of China, of Spain, who today are afraid of the people of England and of our own people. Beside these forces the efforts of labor's isolationists are pitifully insignificant. They reached their peak in September and today they have passed it. Only in the last few days the chairman of their principal organization, a sincere and good pacifist, has been led to restrict his activities; not by industry, but by the action of a local of the United Mine Workers of America.

The kernel of the extreme Left in America, and the few who cluster bravely around it, fearing its excommunication rites, still echo the cry, "Withdraw all aid from Britain!"

Withdraw all aid—and leave the people of Britain who have fought so superbly to fall beneath the sword of the Nazis.

Withdraw all aid—and leave to the mercy of the Nazis the stout-hearted peoples of Norway and the Netherlands who have resisted the heel of the tyrant, the heroic soldiers of Yugoslavia and Greece who have fought so bravely for freedom.

Withdraw all aid—and condemn to spiritual death the workers of France who marched singing through the streets when they learned of Roosevelt's victory in November, believing that it meant their liberation from the Nazis.

Withdraw all aid—and seal in their tombs the people of Germany who can still be rescued from the depths to which the Nazis have brought them.

Withdraw all aid—and, by making secure Hitler's future, prepare the path to power of the forces in this country which believe that they can compromise with the Nazis, who know no compromise and no mercy.

This cry of "Withdraw all aid from Britain!" is as terrible as the most terrible cry of the Bible, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Yet it has one virtue. It tells us that there is no escape on the road on which we are traveling; there is no standing still; we must go on or

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give up. Either we must end the war on whatever terms we can, and spare the people of England from further suffering, or we must give her aid so quickly and in such quantity that she will regain the mastery of her own skies before a waste land lies beneath them. If we are honest and true, as we must be with the people of England, and with ourselves, we must realize that the very worst we can do is to prolong the war without the intention of decisively ending it. Either this is our battle, or it isn't. If it is our battle, we must face the certain loss of the lives of our sons as well as England's.

We long for peace. We fought once for peace without victory. Peace itself would be a victory today; but not a peace won by tyrants. If Hitler ends the war by conquering the world, it will still not be peace; it will be no more than the silencing of a cry.

We long for peace, and we will work for it—but a peace won by the people, made by the people, kept by the people; a peace in which we can return gladly to the tasks which we left, knowing that for our children and for their children there will be no more war. This is more easily said than done, as we have bitter reason to know, but is peace on the aggressor's terms worth having?

A good peace is not to be won overnight. For such a peace the people of England are fighting.

The graveyards of the last war lie across the world. The whole world may be a graveyard before this war is over. We understand that, and we answer, "Never let it be said, over the grave of freedom itself, that freedom died for no reason save lack of the will to live."

The "Public" Is Wrong

IT IS RAPIDLY becoming evident that the chief danger in the labor situation is not the existence of strikes in defense industries but rather the attitude of the public and of a minority of congressmen toward organized labor. It is true that there have been strikes which ought not to have occurred and there may be more, and it is also true that some of these strikes—though by no means all—are attributable to shortsightedness or lack of patriotism on the part of labor units or officials. Nevertheless, such strikes are relatively few in number and have a minor effect on defense, while the public attitude threatens legislation which would be a denial of the democratic process, cause the justified resentment of millions of workers and make a tolerable situation far worse.

As we have many times pointed out, the statistics all show (1) that the great majority of industrial disputes are settled without interruption of production, (2) that those stoppages which do occur are small in number and cause a loss of fewer man-hours either than in "normal" years or in the years 1917-18 when this country was actually at war, (3) that the greater part of those which have broken out were caused by the refusal of employers to obey the collective-bargaining law, or the failure of the government to compel them to obey it, and (4) that even in disputes about wages or hours the failure to agree is seldom entirely the fault of the workers.

Yet a Gallup poll shows that more people think labor leaders have too much power than fear the power of business executives or government, while one frequently hears in conversation that strikers in defense industries ought to be shot. This is a testimonial to the power of the press and radio to create a false impression by headlining sensational conflicts such as defense strikes while ignoring far more serious situations such as the delays caused in the defense program by the reluctance of business to expand productive facilities and the poor purchasing policies which concentrated contracts in a few big concerns or failed to organize industries as units for efficient production.

Even to the extent that public indignation is justified, the more drastic remedies proposed would be of no use whatever. You cannot prevent strikes by passing a law forbidding them. Men who have a serious grievance will find means of expressing that grievance collectively, unless we go in for a Gestapo and concentration camps. The majority of workers do not want to strike, and the best means of preventing them from doing so is to convince them not only that their best efforts are needed but that they are being fairly treated. They will not be so convinced by refusals to grant wage increases while private profits soar, or by a defense administration manned almost exclusively by big employers.

We should thank our lucky stars that this country breeds a kind of men in industry who are willing to stand up and defend their rights, rather than yessing the first petty Führer who comes along; in the long run they are indispensable to the defense of democracy. Strikes will reach a minimum when labor is enlisted as a full partner in the struggle.

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Defense and Restraints of Trade

THE NATIONAL-DEFENSE PROGRAM did not create the urgent need for American industry to produce and distribute more goods. That need was already evident in chronic unemployment, idle equipment, bad housing, malnutrition and prices upon many necessities and conveniences established too high for low-income groups to pay. However, the defense emergency has intensified the problem by superimposing military needs upon civilian ones.

The country realizes as never before the importance of the ideas underlying the anti-trust laws. For half a century these laws have expressed our unwillingness to tolerate private monopolies and combinations which restrain trade. Such arrangements were disliked largely because the typical policy followed by a combination of competitors is to limit output and raise prices. Thus the anti-trust laws have always been symbols of the desire for full use of productive capacity.

Our present national policy substitutes determination for desire and a program for a symbol. One of the lessons of the last decade in Europe is that an industrial civilization which restricts output and keeps prices high cannot survive in a struggle with one that enlarges output regardless of the effect on prices. German preparation for the present war consisted not merely in training the military machine but in cutting through the restrictions which had been developed by strategic industries not only in Germany but all over the world. Before Hitler, for example, the world's aluminum industries had developed a private international treaty which divided the world market and limited world production in the interest of stabilizing prices. Repudiating this agreement, the Nazis greatly expanded aluminum production in Germany and were delighted to make a new arrangement with the foreign members of the cartel by which the additional German output was used wholly in Germany while the other countries continued as usual to restrict their own supply. When war broke out, the aluminum industry outside of Germany was organized on a comfortably monopolistic basis and thus started its wartime expansion from an unnecessarily low level of production and of capacity to produce.

The British did not learn the lesson of full production until they were forced to learn it by the disasters of war. The London Economist has described their decision to get rid of the policy of business restraints as usual:

> Many very dearly cherished notions have been swept aside by a month of blitzkrieg. We no longer believe that we have only to sit tight to win. . . .
>
> But there is another set of ideas, just as false and as enervating, which has not been abandoned, partly because the proofs of its failure, though decisive, are not publicly apparent. This is the set of ideas that has been the dominant economic philosophy of the Conservative Party in the past nine years, the set of notions that sees its ideal of an economic system in an orderly organization of industries, each ruled feudally from above by the business firms already established in it, linked in associations and confederations and, at the top, meeting on terms of sovereign equality such other Estates of the Realm as the Bank of England and the government. Each British industry, faithful to the prescription, has spent the past decade in delimiting its fief, in organizing its baronial courts, in securing and entrenching its holdings and in administering the legal powers of self-government conferred on it by a tolerant state. This is the order of ideas that has transformed the trade association from a body of doubtful legality, a conspiracy in restraint of trade, into a favored instrumentality of the state. . . . It is the order of ideas . . . that turned "high profits and low turnover" into the dominant slogan of British business; that raised the level of British costs to the highest in the world. It is a set of ideas that is admirable for obtaining security, "orderly development" and remunerative profits for those already established in the industry—at the cost of an irreducible body of general unemployment. It is emphatically not a set of ideas that can be expected to yield the maximum of production, or to give the country wealth in peace and strength in war.
>
> Nevertheless, when the war broke out and it became obvious to all but the purblind that maximum production had become the one object that superseded all others, this anti-productive system was carried to its highest point. The noble army of controllers was recruited from organized industry; the rings, from being tolerated, became endowed with all the power of the state. The result has been what could have been, and was, predicted—not so much an unfair advantage to certain private pockets as a sluggish tempo of advance and a low limit to what was considered possible. British industry, by and large, has, until recent weeks, been making the maximum effort compatible with no disturbance to its customs now or to its profit-making capacity hereafter. There is no accusation of unpatriotism in this; on the contrary, business men, placed in an impossible position of divided loyalties and contradictory intentions, have done their best. But the result has been what we see—a startling inadequacy of production. What was formerly prophecy is now fact. . . . Both in tanks and aircraft—to take only the two outstanding cases—the existing rings have failed to produce the goods and, nine months too late, outsiders have had to be brought in.

In the last year we have all come to see the importance of full production. We are now working out the question as to how the emergency management of the defense program is related to the administration of the anti-trust laws.

No sooner had the defense program been announced than some business groups set up a clamor for suspension of the anti-trust laws during the emergency. My

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office was filled with business men insisting that they needed to work with their competitors for national defense. One or two groups were trying to forestall imminent prosecutions for past violations of the anti-trust laws. A few proposals sprang from the cynical effrontery of people willing to use any excuse to get immunity for profitable restraints of trade. Many expressed the honest muddleheadedness of men who had prudently limited production for so many years that they no longer saw the difference between promoting stable profits and promoting output. Some came from business men farsighted enough to foresee and to wish to anticipate specific problems which call for industry-wide planning—such problems as the pooling of patents and trade secrets and the allocation of scarce materials which have strategic importance. Although there would have been no difficulty in telling many of these groups that national defense could not benefit from their schemes to raise prices and limit production, the proper people to determine a positive program of defense production were the defense authorities.

No conflict between defense production and the Sherman Act can exist so long as the defense authorities assume direct responsibility. They may not delegate such things as deciding upon priorities or coöperative efforts to industry committees. However, when they give orders to men in industry there is no conspiracy between these men if they obey the command of public authority. The Sherman Act attacks only unreasonable combinations by private groups. It is aimed only at the *private* seizure of industrial power.

After responsibility for the industrial aspects of the defense program was assigned, it became easy to pool resources, allocate goods or establish maximum prices where defense requires such action. Responsible public officials determine whether such a program is needed and what it should be. Each business enterprise involved follows instructions by the defense authorities. Since it is not agreeing with its competitors but merely obeying its government, it runs no risk under the anti-trust laws. Administrative coördination is established where it is needed, without impairment of our power to proceed against unauthorized schemes likely to thwart rather than serve national defense and against monopolies and restraints in the industries not involved in the defense program. The scope of the administrative control which may be imposed during the next four years will depend chiefly upon the degree to which we experience an acute shortage of goods such as requires rationing of supplies and establishment of maximum prices. On the present scale of production activities for defense, such shortages are appearing in some key industries but are not typical. If events abroad should force us to a vast enlargement of the scale of defense effort, the areas of acute scarcity and of administrative control would be likewise enlarged. Under present procedure, however, the scope of anti-trust action is automatically readjusted as the defense authorities feel it necessary to take on further responsibility for controlling industry; so that there need be no fear of conflict between the anti-trust laws and any requirement of defense, even if further development of the war should vastly increase the emergency control over industry.

Within the last year the clamor to set aside the anti-trust laws has died away and been replaced by an awareness that the Antitrust Division is one of the nation's vital defense agencies. The House Appropriations Committee recently recognized this fact by recommending that the Antitrust Division receive an appropriation larger by $750,000 than had been recommended by the Budget Bureau early last October.

The emergency has brought us new work to do in preventing the economic sabotage of defense industries by foreign powers. During the last year we have found in at least eight cases that exports to those who are fighting against Germany have been stopped, that output vital to defense is being restricted, that prices upon defense materials are being kept unreasonably high, or that important military information is being sent to Germany, because of an unlawful combination between American and German enterprises. There is some reason to suspect similar arrangements in nearly thirty more cases which we are investigating as rapidly as we can find men to do the work.

Let us examine one or two illustrations which have already led to indictments.

Magnesium would be a vital product for national defense if we had enough of it. The Germans use it for many airplane parts and for bomb casings because it is a third lighter than aluminum. They are producing at least 25,000 tons of it each year, whereas we produced only 6,000 tons in 1940. According to recent indictments, our shortage is due to conspiracies between the Aluminum Company of America, the Dow Chemical Company, and I. G. Farbenindustrie, a great German concern. I. G. Farben and the Aluminum Company jointly established a patent holding company which gave the Dow Chemical Company an exclusive license to produce magnesium in this country. The German concern was granted complete control of the amount of magnesium to be produced by Dow, and used its control to prevent shipment to Great Britain of magnesium in excess of 300 tons per year. The Aluminum Company insisted that the price of magnesium should be kept higher than that of aluminum in a ratio which discouraged the use of magnesium, in spite of the fact that even on the present small scale of production, magnesium costs no more than aluminum to manufacture. As a result of these arrangements our defense program began under the handicap of a serious shortage of facilities to produce magnesium, of foundries to fabricate it, of labor trained in the work and of knowledge by aircraft producers as to how magnesium may be effectively used.

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Tungsten carbide provides another illustration. Its use in the cutting edges of machine tools makes it vital to defense industries. Until 1928 it was available in this country by importation from Krupp in Germany at a price of $48 a pound, and the General Electric Company was conducting research which might have led to competition between that company and Krupp. The two concerns pooled their patents, agreed upon prices, and subsequently divided the world market by an agreement that Krupp would stay out of the United States and General Electric would not export or issue sublicenses in this country. The American price rose to a high point of $453 a pound, and during the twelve years ending in 1940 never fell below $205, in spite of the fact that the manufacturing cost was about $25 a pound. Because of the price, American industry has been slow in learning how to use the metal and is now short of trained men and deficient in knowledge. The Germans use about twenty times as much as we do. Three days after grand-jury indictments were returned concerning this matter the American price fell once more to $48 a pound.

Another such case was found in military optical equipment, which includes bomb sights, periscopes, range finders, gun sights and similar essentials of war. Since shortly after the First World War Bausch and Lomb of the United States and Carl Zeiss of Germany operated under an agreement which excluded Zeiss from the American market and forbade Bausch and Lomb from exporting. They used a patent pool to prevent independent manufacturers from selling within the territory of either company. The agreement provided that the head of Bausch and Lomb's military department was to be a person acceptable to Zeiss and set up requirements for itemized royalty statements which enabled the German company to determine the amount and character of the purchases made by our armed forces. German ownership of patents was concealed by their issue in the United States to Bausch and Lomb rather than Zeiss. Provisions in the agreement required concealment of its existence from third persons and, so far as possible, even from employees. In accord with this contract, Bausch and Lomb consistently refused military orders from Europe, the latest instance being a refusal to sell range finders to Finland in August, 1939, shortly before the Russian invasion. Not only was an indictment obtained against this conspiracy, but the defendants pleaded *nolo contendere*, paid fines and accepted a decree enjoining further observance of the contract.

In most such cases which have come to our attention the American participants in the conspiracy have been primarily interested in restricting output and raising prices, without much concern as to the strategic affect of their restraints upon the military strength of the United States. Until recently they were not alert to the military significance of their products. Whatever indifference they showed to the public interest was no greater than that of many other violators of the anti-trust laws in industries which do not affect defense. It is evident, however, that the German participants in such conspiracies set up their industrial programs with one eye to political effect and deliberately sought both to prevent the development abroad of industries strategic for war and to impose upon American producers an obligation not to supply Germany's potential enemies. Most such programs do not involve violations of the laws designed to protect this country in time of war because we do not now have a belligerent status. Fortunately, however, these arrangements typically violate the anti-trust laws. The Antitrust Division has become the spearhead of our national effort to liberate defense industries from such foreign restraints.

The emergency has likewise increased the scope and importance of our ordinary efforts to prevent restraint of trade in industries producing civilian goods. During the First World War this country inherited the task of supplying the Allies with great quantities of munitions and food, and most American prices went up together. Today the blockade makes it highly improbable that American farmers will sell as much to meet emergency needs in Europe as they would have sold abroad under conditions of peace. The emergency demand is one-sided; and it is probable that the impact of industrial price movements upon farmers will not be appreciably softened by a rise in farm prices. To avoid a seriously unbalanced price structure, we must do everything possible to prevent business men from raising prices unnecessarily. One of the most obvious things to do is to break up conspiracies and monopolies by which prices are raised and maintained. In a series of cases we have already taken action against such controls by producers of fertilizer and fertilizer materials. We intend to investigate the other important products the farmer buys.

There is equal need to break up price-raising combinations which affect the necessities of life bought by consumers in cities and towns. We have entered the defense program with 45,000,000 people on or below the border line of malnutrition and with nearly 16 percent of our non-farm population housed in structures unfit for human occupancy. Though increased employment represents a tremendous gain in our national well being, it must not blind us to the fact that many workers already employed have no margin with which to absorb a higher cost of living. At best the consuming public faces difficulties in an unprecedented increase of taxes and in some price increases which are inevitable. We cannot afford to increase those difficulties unless we raise wages; and we cannot afford to get into a disastrous spiral of wage increases to offset higher costs of living, price increases to offset wage increases, and still higher living costs due to the increased prices. Every effort should be made to limit the new burdens upon the consumer by attacking those which are

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unnecessary and to afford the consumer leeway for unavoidable new burdens by destroying price-raising restraints already established.

This program is already under way, but it needs to be increased in tempo. Two years ago we began a nationwide effort to remove some of the obstacles to low-cost residential construction by attacking the cost-raising combinations in the building industry and in the industries which produce and distribute building materials. We found restriction of output and efforts to fix prices among manufacturers of Southern pine, Western pine, Douglas fir, redwood, plasterboard, hardboard, flooring and various other less important materials. We found conspiracies to prevent the use of low-cost methods of distribution in plumbing, tile, lumber and other products. In many of the building trades we found contractors and labor groups conspiring to fix prices, to exclude competitors from out of town, to prevent pre-fabrication and factory production and to insist upon antiquated methods. With between forty and fifty cases awaiting trial and a considerable number of others already disposed of, this investigation is still continuing. Though its effectiveness as an influence upon building costs has been reduced by recent decisions of the Supreme Court which prevent us from dealing with some of the most important restraints by labor, other parts of the investigation can still have substantial effect. There is great need to supplement the work already under way in large cities by investigating construction in the areas in which the defense program has created a sudden demand for new houses.

About six months ago we announced an investigation of food, designed to eliminate conspiracies which enlarge the spread between the farmer and the consumer. We have already uncovered schemes by bakers to fix the price of bread, schemes by wholesale and retail grocers to fix the price of groceries, and schemes to prevent the more economical distribution of milk. In Philadelphia our bread investigation brought the price down by a cent a loaf, and probably saved consumers in the surrounding area at least $4,000,000 a year. In Denver our grocery investigation reduced the price of most dry groceries by 10 percent or more—an annual saving to consumers which may run as high as $10,000,000. About one hundred and fifty cases of alleged conspiracy in the food industries are now in some stage of investigation or are awaiting their turn.

More recently we began an investigation of medical supplies to prevent private groups from combining to take advantage of the desperate need of persons who are ill. The first fruit of this investigation is an indictment recently returned which charges a conspiracy to fix the price of insulin, a drug indispensable in saving the lives of diabetics.

Lack of men and money has prevented us from making any systematic effort to protect the consumer against conspiracies which affect the prices of textiles, house furnishings, household appliances and other similar necessities. Until two years ago enforcement of the anti-trust laws was necessarily sporadic and intermittent because we did not have the resources to undertake a systematic program. During the last year we have been able to enforce the law systematically in a few selected industries, but have had to neglect others. In spite of the generous recognition which is now being given to our work, we cannot remedy these defects of scale overnight. I told the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives that I would be dismayed by an increase of more than a million dollars in our next year's budget because of the risk that hiring and training so many new people would swamp our experienced staff and destroy the effectiveness of our organization. The bottleneck in lack of trained people to enforce the anti-trust laws is just as evident as the bottleneck in trained airplane mechanics.

The defense emergency has created the need to overcome this bottleneck as well as the others. Recognizing that more anti-trust work has become imperative, the Congress is in process of giving us the resources to go ahead. It is easy to look back now and realize that many national problems would be less acute if the enlargement of the Antitrust Division had begun some years earlier and if the nation were now entering its period of productive strain with a smaller handicap of accumulated schemes to hamper production. In this respect anti-trust work is like government purchasing, or the training of skilled mechanics for defense industries, or the many other activities in which, having begun belatedly, we are now caught short.

Apart from the difficulty of expanding our work quickly enough, the anti-trust laws are peculiarly effective in dealing with situations such as I have described. A federal grand jury has powers of subpoena over both documents and witnesses, and examines both in secret. Thus, its access to facts is as great as or greater than that of any other agency of government. It can act quickly. Its indictment often is enough to induce the defendants to correct their practices without further delay. The decline in the price of tungsten carbide, for example, came three days after the indictment. Through the use of the equity decree in connection with an indictment, the government has almost unlimited power to require such remedial action as the case makes necessary; yet, where the government does not wish to take the responsibility of creating the new arrangements in an industry, criminal procedure permits the punishment of past wrongdoing, leaving the defendant to bring his future actions within the law in any way he chooses.

During the last year we have discovered to our surprise that an anti-trust proceeding is effective not only in terminating an unlawful conspiracy, but in limiting price increases which might be expected to occur in the absence of any conspiracy. In two cases we had occasion to investigate charges against an industry at a time when underlying conditions of increased demand and

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inadequate supply made a price increase appear to be probable. In one of these cases we found a violation of law, obtained an indictment and disposed of the case quickly by a consent decree. Although there is no such requirement in the decree, the members of the industry have voluntarily refrained from raising their prices and have voluntarily brought to our attention any circumstances which induced them to consider a price increase. One of them, for example, told us that he intended to increase his price and submitted figures to support his statement that the increase was necessary. When we questioned some of these figures, he discovered a substantial error, concluded that there was no necessity for the increase, and did not make it, in spite of the fact that we clearly informed him that we had no authority to control his price policy. In another case the charge was violation of a consent decree recently entered, and, although our investigator decided that the charge was not substantiated, the beginning of his inquiries coincided with a break in prices, which, in our opinion and that of others in Washington who were watching them, had been rising too fast and too far.

We do not think there is anything mysterious about such results. An anti-trust proceeding suddenly confronts the members of an industry with an appraisal of the industry's performance from the point of view of the public interest. It is a sharp enough shock to induce self-questioning; and there is no reason for surprise that business men with public spirit and imagination sometimes alter their pricing policies as a result of such self-examination. THURMAN ARNOLD

This is the fifth article in the series under the general title, "The Next Four Years." – THE EDITORS

Could Hitler Organize Europe?

THE NAZIS are already organizing a "new European order" as part of their strategy to win the war and shape the peace. They have obligingly chosen a name for that order—Neuropa. Could Hitler do it? The terrifying answer is "yes" if the Nazis win the war.

As I began to write this article I listened to a radio discussion in which an editor, a professor of history and a pacifist agreed that Hitler could not organize Europe. The Nazi program, they said, is too frightful to carry out. It is, but the Nazis gather strength from being frightful without limit; they understand, and act coldbloodedly on the understanding, that frightfulness pressed beyond a certain point can break the human spirit. Nor does it mean anything to say, as the speakers said, that since Napoleon failed to organize Europe the Nazis cannot succeed. The reasons why Napoleon failed do not apply to Hitler.

Napoleon failed, first of all, because there was no economic basis for the unity of his empire. A largely feudal Europe was too different for unity with a largely capitalist France. The Napoleonic policy of continental self-sufficiency, which refused to let Europe trade with an England that was the world's workshop, seriously limited industrial development. Nor was there an ideollogical basis for the empire. The early political strength of Napoleon was the liberating democratic, national ideas of the French Revolution that his armies carried to countries dominated by feudal institutions and reaction. But as those liberating ideas began to work, they aroused national democratic forces opposed to Napoleon's imperial dominion; the French had to kill the liberal ideas they spread. Finally, the military technology of Napoleon's age made it impossible for one master nation to hold a monopoly of force.

Hitler could organize Europe because there is already a trend in that direction. In Napoleon's day the trend was toward national states, now it is toward greater economic and political unity. The economic disunity of tariff barriers and small exclusive national markets was one reason for Europe's troubles, which were made worse by political disunity. Hitler exploits the trend toward unity for his own barbarous purposes. The Nazis plan to make an enlarged Germany the possessor of a monopoly of industrial power in Neuropa. All the strategic industrial plants, upon which depend economic and military power, would be located in the master Germany. Non-German peoples, forced to do a colonial job of producing foodstuffs and raw materials, would be allowed only small plants to manufacture local consumers' goods or larger plants to serve the master nation under German management or control. They would not compete with German goods, but would fit into Germany's monopoly of the strategic stages of manufacture. Europe would be "integrated" economically by making Germany the great market for foodstuffs and raw materials and the supplier of industrial goods, by German control of investment, credit and prices, by establishing the Reichsmark as universal money, by a network of communications to enforce Germany's economic, political and military dominion.

Could it be done? Yes, if one considers the nature of the Nazis and the technical-economic and military means at their disposal.

Before the war Germany was, after the United States, the world's mightiest industrial nation, and she uses the war to magnify her might. One element is involved that would make people interested in European welfare shrink: systematic destruction of the industrial power of all non-German peoples in Europe. But the Nazis

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do not shrink; they are not interested in welfare. Already they carry out a master plan of destruction and control. Industries in the occupied lands are destroyed, reorganized, coördinated with the plans for a dominant industrial Germany. In Poland, in the Bohemian and Moravian "protectorates" of what was Czecho-Slovakia, in Denmark, Holland and Belgium, in France the factories are being dismantled and their machinery transported to Germany. The factories that remain come under German ownership or control.

Most significant is the industrial destruction in occupied France where, American business men report, the machinery of nine out of ten factories has been seized by the Germans and sent to Germany. Not only factories are robbed: in Paris the Curie Laboratory was emptied of its equipment under direction of a young Nazi officer who had been a student at the laboratory and a spy. By and large, only luxury trades are being left and such industries as shipbuilding and armaments to serve Germany under her control. The plan is to deprive France, Germany's only continental economic rival, of industrial power and make her an agrarian nation. Will the French submit? Putting the factor of helplessness aside, there are powerful groups in France who will want to submit because they have always wanted an agrarian France. Marshal Pétain has officially said: "France must return to her agricultural and peasant character."

The barbarous racial ideas of the Nazis fit snugly into their plans for Neuropa. The plans call for a Greater Germany to incorporate within her national areas the territory of Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, at least parts (if not all) of Denmark, Holland and Belgium, and parts of France in addition to Alsace-Lorraine. But the Nazis argue that the new lands will become permanently German only if they are settled by "racial" Germans on the farms and in the cities, while the natives go. So Hitler proclaims that "the victorious sword of a people of overlords" must be used to carry out "my right and obligation to depopulate."

What Hitler preaches the Nazis practise. Already Poles and Czechs are being systematically exterminated while used as slave workers who are shuttled back and forth across the German lands until they die. Since the invasion and occupation, at least 3,000,000 Polish men, women and children have died tormented deaths; executions go on daily. Civil prisoners are worked until they die. Wallace R. Deuel, for six years American correspondent in Germany, reports that the Nazis "deliberately use starvation, freezing and disease as implements of a national policy to destroy the Polish people." Poles who are made to slave in Germany are kept from their women so they won't breed children. In French Lorraine, now a part of the Reich, 800,000 natives are being deported. Science is used in the terrible work of suppression; American nutrition experts believe the Nazis systematically deprive conquered peoples of vitamin B_1 to break their spirit.

If the Nazis win the war and consolidate Neuropa, the policy of extermination, first unloosed against the Jews, will be used on a larger scale. As areas are depopulated, the farms are settled by German peasants of the "right" racial stock. While they exterminate "inferior" peoples the Nazis cry to their German women: "Give birth, give birth! The more Germans there are the more *Lebensraum* we can demand and fill." Of the "inferior" races who are not exterminated Hitler proposes to make "a new slave class." The pyramidal inequality of the new Europe would be graded according to Nazi racial theory and political needs. A handful of "Nordic" elements from among the subject peoples would be admitted to the new ruling class; for the great majority there would be the serfdom of a slave class.

It cannot be done because it is too frightful? The Nazis have the answer. It calls for destruction of all knowledge and talents, all cultural and moral values that would make the slaves dissatisfied with their lot and capable of revolt. Already, in Czecho-Slovakia and Poland, the Nazis have closed the high schools and universities, the libraries, scientific collections and museums, all institutions of higher learning. In Austria they closed two out of three universities. Polish and Czech intellectuals and professional people are killed, driven into exile or deprived of the chance to work and live. Technical and other useful knowledge is to become a monopoly of the master Germans. The racial slaves would get the simplest education, if any, just enough to perform the tasks assigned to them. National tradition and culture would be uprooted, the human spirit killed among the enslaved peoples. With few schools and no intellectuals, with no free press, books and radio, with submission become a brute way of life that knows no aspirations or values other than those imposed by the German masters—how would the new slave class become aware of oppression, of needs and ideals; from where come the mentality of revolt?

Never, in the modern history of Europe, was there such a destructive conception. Not Napoleon, not the old imperial Germany and Austria, not Tsarism disallowed *all* intellectual and cultural freedom and life among their subject peoples. The Nazis propose to destroy the moral fiber of the people they enslave.

The Nazi theory of racial inequality is used to justify slavery in Neuropa. But the theory is more useful still, since it allows inclusion in the master German ruling class of "Nordic" elements within the subject races to help keep down those races. "We shall admit to our new ruling class members of other nations," Hitler has said. It is easy for the Nazis to finagle among the Scandinavians and Dutch, who are more Nordic than most Germans. Major Vidkin Quisling, the Norwegian fascist traitor, speaks of a "community of 150,000,000 Teutons." In addition to the Dutch and Scandinavians and the 2,000,000 Germans in the Balkans, it would not be hard to find "Nordics" anywhere the

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Nazis want to find them. Barbarian Teutons who invaded France more than a thousand years ago generously spread their blood among the natives, as they did, too, in north Italy. The Spanish fascist paper Arriba, in one of its November, 1940, issues, recalls that the Visigoth invaders left on many Spaniards "the unmistakable imprint of their Germanic origin." Flemings in Belgium are considered Nordic. Hitler says there are "superior Nordics" in Russia. British racemongers have identified the superior Nordics in their midst. The theory calls Jesus a Nordic and every great European since. It would be easy to grant Nordic ennoblement to all the barbarians within the gates of every nation who are eager to serve fascism.

Madness? Yes, but consider the force of being able to use in each subject nation a "racial elite" to rule over the "racial inferiors" in the name of the master German race. The mad racial theory becomes a means for the creation of a new all-European aristocracy. That is part of the Nazis' master plan to get the support of fascist barbarians among the peoples they want to rule. The plan works. The Men of Vichy are totalitarians, if not all fascist, who brought ruin to France and finish the job by destroying the French heritage of freedom. In all the occupied lands are fascists who coöperate with the Germans to wreck national independence and democracy, while they urge "closer economic union with Germany" and "collaboration in the new European order." Among these betrayers are the elements that would be admitted to the new all-European ruling class after Nordic ennoblement.

But not the capitalists, not the bourgeoisie as a class. "The part played by the bourgeoisie is finished—permanently, my party comrades," Hitler has proclaimed. The Nazis look for new rulers among fascists and renegade communists and socialists. Fascism wants "elites" who do not respect capitalist property, who disdain the industrial capitalist virtues—however imperfectly realized—of production for welfare, democracy and peace. Fascism wants men who possess the tough barbarian mentality of a new aristocracy that makes production and property serve totalitarian power. All Napoleon could do was to make his brothers and generals, clear symbols of alien mastery, the rulers of conquered nations. The Nazis create a new ruling class organized in the fascist party, graded in hierarchical order, united by an identity of interest, totalitarian ideology and power to master Neuropa.

The new all-European ruling class would, moreover, implement its power in an identity of social systems. Whether totally dependent on the master Germany or given a measure of autonomy, the vassal nations would all be organized as fascist corporate states. Their destruction of conflicting national capitalist interests makes possible the organization of the Nazi new Europe. Already the Men of Vichy proclaim that "liberal capitalism is dead" in France; they shape a corporate state "along lines likely to fit into the 'new order' if the Nazis win." The master plans for Neuropa would be comparatively easy to carry out in a series of corporate states, dominated by Germany, in which inescapable all-inclusive economic controls move upward to the final political control of the one-party totalitarian state. The one universal party, with its mastery of everything, would hold together the corporate states of Neuropa and their "elite" rulers.

Force is being used to organize the new Europe, and it will continue to be used. But it is dead wrong to assume that the Nazis could not keep their European system going because it would need too much force. The Nazis start with force but they make use, too, of economic, political and ideological factors that favor their plans. Once the plans jell in a "new order" the need for force will diminish.

Moreover, the element of force favors the barbarous Nazi plans, for the Germans would have a monopoly of military power as a consequence of their monopoly of industrial power. The military technology of Napoleon's age made it impossible for him to get a monopoly of force. Armies could be trained in secret and get weapons in one way or another, revolutions could be made with muskets and pistols and a few cannon. Those romantic trappings of a yesterday that is dead are no more. What makes an army now are planes and tanks and motorized divisions, an unlimited amount of mechanical equipment. The vassal states of Neuropa would be allowed no arms, only a police force. Even if the Gestapo slept and troops were trained in secret, they could get no equipment, because armament plants cannot be secretly built and operated. Under such conditions uprisings become massacres. With the enslaved peoples totally disarmed, in a continent that modern communications make infinitely smaller than in Napoleon's day, not much military force would be needed to "keep the peace."

The peoples of Europe are not yet finally enslaved. They still resist. But the resistance is significant only if it is part of a military struggle that shall not end until Nazi Germany is beaten; if Germany wins, the flickers of revolt—they are not much more now—will die, and memory of revolt die among enslaved generations to come.

Time favors the Nazis if they are not beaten. Fascism cannot survive a military defeat. But it may be too late if the new Europe is consolidated either because of a total Nazi victory or a negotiated peace that leaves the Nazis their continental spoils. The old order is being torn apart in Europe. The vast economic and moral destruction softens the broken peoples to accept anything the Nazis may impose upon them. A Britain that is undefeated but not victorious might never resume the war; her industrial and military resources would be trifling in comparison with those

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of a consolidated Neuropa; there would be no European nations to serve as British allies, for Hitler would control the whole continent as Napoleon never did. A victorious Germany would have time to use all available means—none of which alone might work but which together make a terrible combination—to organize Europe as the greatest empire in history. From that empire would come economic, political and ideological pressures to destroy democracy in the American world.

LEWIS COREY

A Significant Memory of Freud

ONE OF THE MINOR PESTS arising from the present world situation is the arrival of certain Europeans who carry with them a strongly snooty attitude toward American culture. No doubt they bring us a good deal that is valuable, but they sometimes bring us things we don't want. This came home to me when Thomas Mann, in a speech in which he congratulated us on our "cultural enrichment" by this flight from Europe, went on to instruct us that what we are really fighting for in the war against Hitler is "The Absolute."

To me one of the chief virtues of American culture is the total absence up to this date of any important intrusions from "The Absolute." One of our chief virtues is that when we hear people say things like that we feel inclined to laugh. Laughter actually plays among us somewhat the role played in Germany by this same "Absolute." It enables us to carry on through the painful complications of the relative, the imperfect—in short, the real facts—with buoyancy and courage. Our culture took its start from matter-of-fact knowledge and pioneer humor instead of mythical belief and solemn rituals of consolation. That is what makes it a new and exciting creation. I sincerely hope we are not going to be "enriched" by Europeans to the point of muddling our constructive labors on our own distinct task and adventure.

Some years ago I ran into this European superiority complex in a greater mind than Thomas Mann's, and one that more especially ought to have known better. I find the story interests people in these days when we must harbor Europe's great men as well as smile at their condescension. It is, at any rate, a true story of a great man, and one that could not very well be told until he died.

I was living in Europe and had published in London a book on Marxism which contained a chapter entitled "Marx and Freud." To my delight and excitement Freud wrote me a letter about my book, calling it, very generously, "*wirklich bedeutsam, wahrscheinlich auch richtig,*" and then adding—so as not to be too generous—"I enjoyed it far more than former works of yours."

In thanking him, I said: "I'm sure you won't mind my quoting from your letter in advertising the American edition," and he wrote back, very stiff and saucy:

"I will thank you for *not* mentioning any of the remarks in my letter in public. I seem thus far to have failed to accustom myself to the American life-forms."

I replied that I had not mentioned his remarks in public, but only asked permission to do so, and that the American life-forms are such as to make the difference between these two things usually quite readily perceptible—or milder words to that effect.

This epistolary experience sharpened my curiosity to set eyes on the great man. Apparently it also made Freud feel that he had to be courteous when, happening to be in Vienna in 1926, I sent a note around and asked if I might call.

Berggasse 19 was a big roomy house full of books and pictures, the whole mezzanine floor padded with those thick rich rugs in which your feet sank like a camel's in the sand. I was not surprised to see hanging beside Rembrandt's "Anatomy Class," without which no doctor's office would be recognizable, a picture of "The Night Mare"—a horrid monster with a semi-evil laugh or leer squatting upon a sleeping maiden's naked breast. Freud's early specialty had been anatomy, and he had in him the hard scientific curiosity suggested by Rembrandt's picture. But he had too, in my belief, a streak of something closely akin to medieval superstition. He liked to talk about "*The* Unconscious," personifying the mere absence of a quality—and that the quality of awareness—and making it into a scheming demon for which anatomy certainly finds no place. Freud's discovery that impulses suppressed out of our thoughts can continue to control those thoughts, both waking and sleeping, and also our actions and bodily conditions, was certainly a major event in the history of science. But what a lot of purely literary mythology he built around it! Mental healing always did and always will run off into magic.

With such thoughts I sat there whetting my curiosity until the door opened and he came in.

Well—he was smaller than I thought, and slender-limbed, and more feminine. I have been surprised at the femininess of all the great men I have met, including the Commander of the Red Army. Genius is a nervous phenomenon and, except for the steam-roller variety that struts the boards just now, it involves delicacy. Freud's nose was flatter than I expected, too, and more one-sided. It looked as if somebody with brass knuckles had given him a poke in the snoot. It made him, when he threw his head clear back and laughed softly, as he frequently did, seem quaint and

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gnomelike. His voice was gentle too, gentle and a little thin, as though he were purposely holding back half his breath in order to be mischievous.

"What did you want?" he said in perfect English as we shook hands.

"Not a thing," I said. "I just wanted to look you over."

"You want to quote my commendation of your book. But why should I support you? Can't you stand up on your own legs?"

"I'm trying to," I said. "And that isn't what brought me here at all. Still I do wonder why, if you think I got it right about you and Marx, you want to make a secret of it."

He made no answer, and was not troubled by the silence this caused. It was a hard silence, a sort of weapon in his hand, and I made it worse by saying:

"There *is* one thing I always wanted to ask you. I don't see why you talk about unconsciousness as though it were a thing. The only *thing* there, when we are unconscious, is our brain and body. Wouldn't it clarify matters if you stopped using the noun and stuck to the adjective—instead of saying '*The* Unconscious,' say 'unconscious brain-states'?"

"Well, haven't you read our literature?" he said tartly. "The Unconscious is not a thing, but a concept. It is a concept that we find indispensable in the clinic."

"It is a dangerous concept," I said, "because people inevitably think of it as a thing."

"Well, then, let them correct their thinking!"

It wasn't very pleasant, and I tried to say with a smile:

"You're perfectly sure you're not resurrecting the soul?"

"No, there's no soul," he said. "There's only a concept, which those of us engaged in practical work find indispensable."

"Perhaps you're a Behaviorist," he went on. "According to your John B. Watson, even consciousness doesn't exist. But that's just silly. That's nonsense. Consciousness exists quite obviously and everywhere—except perhaps in America."

He enjoyed that crack at America so much that he began to laugh and be genial. In fact, he began to lecture me in a fatherly way about the relations between the psychic and the physical. He talked fluently and I am a good listener, and we were soon very friendly.

"You mustn't confuse the word *psychic* with the word *conscious*," he said. "My old psychology teacher here in Vienna, Theodor Lipps, used to warn us against that. Psychic entities are not necessarily conscious."

My answer, of course, was: "Then the Unconscious is not merely a concept after all, but a thing, an 'entity,' just as I thought!"

However, I did not make this answer until I got home and was putting down our conversation in a notebook. I was too far on the under side of my inferiority complex to catch a great man up like that. Perhaps it is just as well, for the contradiction, left standing, is very neat and pretty. It shows Freud in the very act of being both a scientist and a demonologist. Freud would not let his discoveries be a contribution to psychology. They had to be psychology—"Freud's psychology." And there had to be quite a little of the infallibility of the Pope in his pronunciamentos.

He had now become so genial, however, that he even said a good word for America—namely, that she had produced John Dewey.

"John Dewey is one of the few men in the world," he said, "for whom I have a high regard."

I said that I had taught and studied under Dewey at Columbia, and thought very highly of him too, though the World War had divided us. "The war was a watershed in America."

That remark interested him, and he kept returning to it afterwards. Indeed, he had a way of calling the conversation back to where it was going, not letting it get lost, that reminded me of Plato's Socrates.

For instance, I said that the war was a watershed in America, dividing radicals from liberals, but not in Europe because in Europe everybody was in it whether he wanted to be or not.

"Officially," he put in with a sly inflection. And then he exclaimed:

"You should not have gone into the war at all. Your Woodrow Wilson was the silliest fool of the century, if not of all centuries."

He paused for my answer, which got stuck accidentally in my throat.

"And he was also probably one of the biggest criminals—unconsciously, I am quite sure."

I remarked that Woodrow Wilson's literary style was a perfect instrument of self-deception, and that delighted him. He asked me if I had read "The Story of a Style," a psychoanalytic character-reading of Wilson on the basis of the relative predominance of certain types of words in his speeches. I said I had, and we agreed in praising the book. We got a long way off from my remark about the watershed, but Freud called me back to it.

"I would like you to say some more about that watershed business," he said.

"Well, take Dewey, for instance. He went over on the war side, and wrote a book against Germany, and it seemed for a time to change his whole way of thinking. Most of our intellectual leaders who did that stopped thinking altogether."

"Why?" Freud asked.

"You know why people stop thinking," I said. "It's because their thoughts would lead them where they don't want to go."

That amused him again, and the whole of his gentleness came back, including the delighted little crin-

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kles at the corners of his eyes. He put his head way back finally and laughed like a child. Sometimes a child at play reminds you of an odd little old man; there was something of that odd little old man in Freud's ways. He waggled his head and hands about all the time, looking up at the ceiling and closing his eyes, or making funny little pouts and wry faces, when he was trying to think of a word or an idea. I never ceased feeling that underneath it all was an obdurate hard cranky streak, but I also never ceased feeling its great charm. He was curious about the support I gave to the Russian Bolsheviks.

"You believe in liberty," he said, "and there you get just the opposite."

I gave him our glib explanation: The class dictatorship is transitional—a method of moving toward a more real and universal liberty.

He made gestures like a man fighting with cobwebs or doing the Australian crawl.

"That is all up in the air," he said. "People who are going to produce liberty some time in the future are just the same for me as people who are going to have it ready for you in the celestial paradise. I live in this real world right here. This is the only world I am interested in."

I told him the very thing I admired about Lenin was his way of taking the real world exactly as it is, and yet trying to do something with it.

"The Bolsheviks," I said, "have a hypothesis and they're trying it out."

That appealed to the scientist in him and he became both serious and mild.

"It *is* an intensely interesting experiment," he said. "Really, it's all *terra incognita* to me. I don't know anything about it."

"What are you politically?" I asked.

"Politically I am just nothing."

He settled down in his chair and squinted at me.

"What are you going to do when you get back to that America of yours?" he asked.

"What makes you hate America so?" I queried.

"Hate America?" he said. "I don't hate America, I regret it!"

He threw back his head again and laughed hilariously.

"I regret that Columbus ever discovered it!"

I laughed with him, and rather egged him on, no doubt, for I am not touchy about our national faults.

"America," he went on, "is a bad experiment conducted by Providence. At least I think it must have been Providence. I at least should hate to be held responsible for it."

More laughter, and then I asked:

"In what way bad?"

"Oh, the prudery, the hypocrisy, the national lack of independence! There is no independent thinking in America, is there?"

I said there was a new and very lively spirit among young people.

"Mostly among Jews, isn't it?"

"The Jews are not so free from prudery and hypocrisy," I replied.

He seemed to change the subject.

"You didn't answer my question: What you are going to do when you get home. Have you any definite plans?"

"None except that I am going to write."

"I'll tell you what I want you to do. I want you to go home and write a book on America, and I'll tell you what to call it. *Misgeburt*—what is that word in English?"

"Abortion?"

"No, not abortion."

"Monster?"

"Well, that will do. You write a book about the monstrous thing that America turned out to be . . ." He paused. "The word is *miscarriage*. 'The Miscarriage of American Civilization'—that shall be the title of your book. You will find out the causes and tell the truth about the whole awful catastrophe."

He was standing up now.

"That book will make you immortal. You may not be able to live in America any more, but you could go and live very happily somewhere else!"

I had risen too, and he extended his hand.

"Now I want to see that next book of yours without fail. So please remember to send it to me, and I'll read it with very happy memories of this conversation. . . ."

A very gracious dismissal. How suave and charming!—And wrapped up in it, what a wallop!

As I went down the steps, my thoughts recurred to his similarly gracious letter about my book: "Really important; probably also correct. . . . I enjoyed it far more than former works of yours!"

Are those—I thought—the European life-forms? Is Freud a little vain and cranky with too much peering into other people's complexes? Is it perhaps our rather hard-headed skepticism about the more mythological of his discoveries in "the Unconscious" that caused this extreme feeling? His great friend, Dr. Brill, tells me that this feeling dated back to his visit to this country in 1909, and the meager recognition he received from scientific circles then. I do not know. I pass the story along for what it is worth as inoculation against too much European enrichment.

MAX EASTMAN

November Night

They fight, and in the silent-moving frost
Stars crinkle and shiver, flashing in the sky
Unabashed by the trespassing sharp light
Of shell-bursts; only is one vast angry eye
Blank with that meticulous stare of the host
Whose guests outrage him. So the moon glares tonight.

VALENTINE ACKLAND

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Washington Notes

Industrial Appeasement Is a Mug's Game

THE MUNITIONS INDUSTRY was the sacred cow of the First World War. It was fed profits that were not hay, pampered at home and respected even in the headquarters of the enemy. Remarkably little damage was done its properties on either side of the lines. But the immunity from bullets it enjoyed during the war made it vulnerable to angry words after Versailles. The merchants of death fell into disrepute. This time they are treated like the ordinary milch cows of the industrial herd.

But some of the cows did not have the experience of gorging themselves and getting a post-war stomachache last time. They are as greedy as ever, seeking out the lush spots, jumping national fences to reach them where necessary, and pulling the grass out by the roots in their eagerness to get it all. The hungriest of the lot seems to be the indispensable oil industry. The airplanes and tanks of the Axis marauders are still burning oil provided by the magnificently neutral petrol-purveying concerns of the United States and Great Britain. American oil is still flowing to Japan in quantity (815,000-odd barrels in March); the suspicion that American petroleum products are still finding their way across Russia to Germany seems well founded. Japan still forges cannon of American scrap; some strategic metals doubtless are being transshipped from Japan to the Reich.

The situation would be ludicrous if it were less tragic. We are spending $7,000,000,000 on defense, a considerable part of it on aid to Britain. Britain's primary tactic is the blockade of Greater Germany. Yet we permit the American section of the Industrial Internationale to make delivery of essential war materials through the Japanese-Russian back door to Germany while Britain guards the front door. We also continue to equip Germany's Eastern partner.

It is the same all along the industrial front. We fail to freeze $170,000,000 of Italian and German credits and $158,000,000 of Japanese credits in the United States. We continue to pay royalties to German owners of American patents. We let German-controlled industries in this country pour their wares into South America to compete with our own products. We thus finance German propaganda both here and in the other Americas. We prove up to the hilt Goebbels' statement that "the best joke made by the democratic system [is] that it provided its deadly enemies with the means of destroying it."

Yet spokesmen for the oil companies and others still doing business with the enemies of democracy say, with obvious justification, that they are doing what they are doing with the full approval of the State Department. If oil shipments to Japan and Russia are to be shut off, the shutting must be done by the government as a matter of national policy. Formulation of national policy is not the responsibility of the oil companies. Spokesmen for the State Department explain privately that an embargo on all exports to Japan would play into the hands of the Japanese extremists and in all probability provoke an attack on Singapore and the Dutch East Indies. As for Russia, she must not be thrown farther into the arms of the Axis.

The State Department's industrial-appeasement line might have been excusable, even necessary, up to the time when the administration adopted a policy of all-out aid to Britain. It seems wholly unjustified now. Germany obviously is unappeaseable. Japan is a full-fledged Axis partner and, for all her belligerence, anxious to avoid a clash with the United States navy. The Russian balance-of-power game is too devious to make much sense. This much is certain: the Kremlin wants to keep out of war with a major power and Russia's peace is more seriously threatened by Germany and her allies than by Britain and hers. It would seem that the United States, in helping the weaker and more distant of Russia's potential enemies, is playing Joseph Stalin's game. Yet the Russians continue to make faces alternately at the Axis and at the democracies.

Moreover, the Russians' foreign legion in the United States continues to blockade or threaten to blockade this country's aid-to-Britain program. The Communist-steered unions make ugly noises about a waterfront strike to prevent convoying. They insist that President Roosevelt is luring the country into another imperialist war. While the Communists are deciding to follow the line indicated by Russian self-interest, it might be well for the United States to slam Germany's back door by halting exports both to Japan and Russia. The same policy might well go for Vichy, another leak in the British blockade.

Whatever is done about these things, the time certainly has come for creation of a centralized agency of economic warfare. There should be planning and coördination. One gets the impression now that the right hand of the government knows not what the left hand of the Standard Oil Company is doing. Or, if the Treasury knows, the State Department doesn't. The problem of oil exports, for example, is one of those things which, being everybody's business, is nobody's business. There is great secrecy about it all, the explanation being that exports are trade secrets which rivals in the same business should not know. So rivals in the same business are the only ones who do know. It is to be hoped that some of the fog will be dispelled by congressional investigation as proposed in resolutions introduced by Representative Coffee of Washington and Senator Gillette of Iowa.

Likewise, there should be favorable action on Senator Lee's resolution to investigate foreign propaganda. Lee has announced that he will give first attention, if authorized to proceed, to the fantastic story of William Rhodes Davis' Mexican-German oil business—a business which John L. Lewis has been accused of promoting through his connections with Vicente Lombardo Toledano and the Cárdenas government. This seems to have been a case of Axis-Communist collaboration in the Western Hemisphere with the responsible head of the CIO at least knowing what was up and perhaps being deeply involved. The last time we investigated the strange bedfellows of warfare after the fact. It would be an improvement to find out who is sleeping with whom while the sleeping is still going on.

Washington T. R. B.

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Grade-A Glycerine

"Penny serenade" is frankly a weeper, but it is not quite like any other film I can think of. It has no preachment in the "Over the Hill" tradition; it has not the ambitious glucose of "Mr. Chips"; it is not revolutionary in a picture sense and I cannot imagine its material being put on in a play. It needs only three or four characters for most of the telling and its idea is simply that of a young couple who can't have a baby and so adopt one which becomes the center and the anchor of their lives, and dies at six. What now keeps them from going completely to pieces is that they are able to adopt another—and that is all of it. An errant sub-theme could have been strengthened with good effect, I think, in the steadying down of the young newspaperman-husband by marriage, tragedy and life with the kid; but this is not sufficiently worked into the texture to figure in the end. It remains a picture of the early years of marriage as they pass over so many a thousand Mr. and Mrs., so ordinary as to be terribly difficult to do.

Any other combination of talents could have ruined "Penny Serenade." Morrie Ryskind did the screenplay; George Stevens directed it; and it seems to have worked out as one of those happy director-writer teams so vital in movies. For all the lack of action in the strictest sense, you will notice whole sections here where narration has been devised purely for the camera—which as the first and loveliest instrument in this whole orchestra is too often neglected. Frequently they do a whole scene without talk, and at one point they set up to catch the mood of a leave-taking from down the stairs and through the banisters, catching only the lower third of the full-length picture above. But the main jobs of a director on such an assignment are to keep the mood clean and firm, sequence by sequence, as he is working it out on the spot and cutting afterwards; and to get the best out of his actors. It is tribute to Stevens as much as to the principals that they have never turned in such a performance before.

Irene Dunne has been growing through good directors in successive films, and is now one of the very few gals who could sustain a part like this (I could wish the early scenes of her desire for babies and stuff had been shaded off just a little in the script: there is no abstract thing so noble that it cannot be made to seem personally selfish and rubbed in). And Cary Grant is thoroughly good, in some ways to the point of surprise, for there is not only that easy swing and hint of the devil in him, but faith and passion expressed, the character held together where it might so easily have fallen into the component parts of the too good, the silly, etc. His scene with the judge is one of the rightly moving things in the picture. Edgar Buchanan is the darling boy though, and runs quietly away with every scene he is in, simply by the depth of his reality as the stumbling, kindly friend of the family, absurdly thick-fingered and ill-at-ease in everything but the delicate operations of the press room or washing the baby or patching troubles or cooking. It is what is known as a juicy part and usually squeezed like an orange, till it means nothing; here it is done with the right balance of humor, loyalty and love, and you will not forget Edgar Buchanan.

There remain story flaws: it is unlikely a by-line foreign correspondent could never get himself another job on papers after quitting once; it is never explained what the folks did for a living after it was established they didn't have one, or how the loyal friend could have lived while sticking around; and the near break-up at the end is neither sufficiently prepared for nor convincingly averted. There remains the final business of music, which figures quite nicely in the device of cutting back to the main story through records of the old songs, and never crowds the action. As for general mounting, this is Class-A, but there is still to be said that processing and painted backings, however marvelous, are still not the air of outdoors, and there must always be a jarring difference between the acceptance of illusion and the perception of faking.

This is a picture not spectacular for any one thing, and yet the fact of its unassuming humanity, of its direct appeal without other aids, is something in the way of pictures growing up after all; for to make something out of very little, and that so near at hand, is one of the tests of artistry.

Cameras-Rolling Department.—In greater Los Angeles it is pretty true that wherever you may live, you have to travel more miles to see a movie that is already produced than one still producing. Also it is true that there is a much better chance of seeing pictures through the courtesy of those who actually make them than through the red tape and suspicious run-around which starts once the film has left the cutting room for the mercies of those who make nothing. At any rate, I have little to report on this week, except for what you will be seeing through the summer and fall. Looks pretty hopeful for you, too. Lewis Milestone has finished a comedy with angles which looks very delightful so far. John Van Druten and Arnold Belgard wrote the screen play; Milestone—now a producing unit by himself—got his own art director, Ronald Colman and a new (perhaps) star, Anna Lee; and he went to work in a field too few realize his genius in, fun without foolishness, gayety with the full command of the art of pictures.

Fritz Lang has just finished for Twentieth-Century-Fox a movie ("Man-Hunt") that may well run away with the year. It is based on the novel "Rogue Male" and it is made with such care for scenic depth and suspense both, that I shouldn't be surprised at anything: critics even will be leafing back through the files to see who made "M." And Anatole Litvak has washed up the film version of "The Gentle People," another picture which will be loaded with atmosphere, and be found true and handsome.

From what I have seen of Alfred Hitchcock's "Before the Law," our fat man has got himself the kind of thing he wants to do again, and can do with such swift and subtle play of terror. And Garson Kanin, the young fireball from Broadway who came out here and made good better, is well along in a Ginger Rogers picture which will be fairly strange and lovely as usual, and no doubt heard of long after it has passed over the brimming box office and our Mr. K is a private in the army, which he joins as of June 1 (Burgess Meredith is in the picture: plug, as requested).

These aren't all the names and this isn't more than a fraction of what is going on, but it looks pretty good from where I sit. More summer forecasts next time.

OTIS FERGUSON

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A Communication

My Hosts, the French

This letter was written by a refugee in this hemisphere to an old friend of The New Republic. We believe the writer to be a trustworthy observer. For obvious reasons, we must withhold his name. —THE EDITORS

MY DEAR FRIEND: At last I can write you freely. You know that I have been through four concentration camps. The three others were nothing compared to the fourth, Camp Vernet, Ariege, which is between Toulouse and the Spanish frontier. That is where I was interned for sixteen months, from October, 1939, to January, 1941. Among ourselves we called this camp the French Dachau.

Besides the terrible lack of food, the horrible misery, the cold, the lack of clothing and medical supplies, the complete absence of hygiene, and the restrictions, prohibitions and punishments, there were the persecution, the physical punishment and the shootings. We were constantly hit and beaten by the guards, the adjutants and officers of the Garde Mobile, a sort of military police whose black uniforms were strangely like those of the Nazi SS. This treatment was given to us in "waves," *i. e.*, as soon as news of these things reached the outside, they would go easy on them, but two or three weeks later it would begin again.

Here are a few things which I saw with my own eyes. Camp Vernet is very big and the internees are not allowed to move about freely, but are locked up in their "Quartier" so that there are many things which are only seen by a few people. Lieutenant Combs, commander of Quartier C from October, 1939, to August, 1940, and his men would always go around with bamboo sticks in addition to their revolvers and muskets. Combs, who was nicknamed "Schweinebacke" (Hog-face), let his subordinates beat us on the slightest provocation. At the end of October, 1939, I saw the guard Balandoni, a Corsican, strike a Russian emigré with his bamboo stick on his face several times. The pretext was that he had refused to work because he was sick. An hour later, the military physician of the camp confirmed the fact that he was sick. In February, 1940, I saw Balandoni hit a Chinese in the face with a stick, because he was too weak to carry the heavy buckets of excrement.

In November, 1939, Leon S. from Barrack 33, a Jew from Palestine (a British subject), was called to Lieutenant Combs's office and came back a half-hour later, his face covered with bruises and welts. "Hogface" had received him with: "You swine, you filthy swine, you didn't do a lick of work today," and had struck him full in the face several times with a piece of iron.

In January, 1940, I and 400 others saw a guard hit a German internee, Werner S., in the face. His face was covered with blood and he screamed and fell to the ground. They accused S. of having helped another internee to escape. Four hundred of us had to stand rigidly at military attention without moving while he was being beaten.

In November, 1939, two interned doctors, Max Heidler, a German refugee, and Haik Kaldjian, an Armenian ex-officer of the Turkish army, were put into solitary confinement for a week because they gave medical attention to one of the people in their barracks. Later the doctors were secretly forced by the guards to treat a young Austrian from Barrack 32, whose head was covered with wounds and who was losing a great deal of blood.

It was in the camp prison that the worst beatings took place. You often heard screams from there. Dr. Heidler, who was in for a week, told me that one night Lieutenant Combs entered and gave the order that an Italian named Malacina was to get an especially severe beating. When the guards hesitated, he said: "Go ahead. Let them all croak!"

Now as to the shootings. (I shall not tell you in detail about those who died in Vernet because of the lack of care and because of hunger and cold. Willi Weber, Barrack 33, died in October, 1939; Paul Dreyfus, Barrack 32, and old Weil, Barrack 33—all German Jews who could not stand the winter of 1939-40. Jules P., Pole, who died in July, 1940, and many others like the Russian emigré, a painter by the name of Pitchowur, who was brought back to the camp in a police car immediately after an appendicitis operation and died the next day.) The regulations were: "Between nightfall and dawn if an internee comes within ten feet of the barbed wire on the *inside* of the camp, the sentinels are to shoot immediately, and *without a warning*." This regulation was applied literally. On November 11, 1940, a young German refugee from Mannheim, Leo Dollinger, who had fought for Republican Spain, said to his friends: "I can't stand this life any more. I am going to run away now." No one thought he really intended to go. At 7 o'clock, when the lights were still on, he suddenly rushed up to the big hedge of barbed wire. The sentinel immediately shot him. He fell on the barbed wire, and began to scream. The others wanted to take him off, but the guards refused to permit this. A half-hour later when some other guards took him off the wire and carried him inside, he was dead. The camp commander ordered him to be buried clandestinely at five in the morning the next day. There was a powerful demonstration in honor of the dead man. We sang songs of liberation. It was strictly forbidden to sing anything, but the guards didn't dare interfere, and for several days afterward they were unusually polite. A month later a similar incident took place. A Spaniard was shot down in the same way, but I wasn't able to find out his name.

Six weeks before Dollinger's death, in September, 1940, a young Pole from Quartier A was shot by the guards outside the camp in a small wood where he was working. The commander authorized us to buy a wreath for his grave. A Garde Mobile by the name of Renandon told us several days after this happened: "I advise you to keep quiet. We have 50,000 bullets here to keep you that way." The machine guns were taken out for the first time in June, 1940, when the German troops were drawing near. They were pointed at the inside of the camp.

A young Bulgarian journalist told me one day when he was coming back from prison, where he had been for a week and where he had seen a drunken guard beat up a prisoner: "If we could only reach the American press, what a story we could tell them." But this is only a small part of what happened: the complete story of the French Dachau, when it is written, will be horrible indeed.

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The Bandwagon

God has formed an essential part of the cultural tradition of England since the sixteenth century, and has always proved His usefulness in times of crisis. – *From The Commonweal.*

ANPA Sees Efforts to Liberalize Social Security. "Basic Principles Rapidly Degenerating to Greater Benefits for More People." – *Headline in Editor and Publisher's story of the report of the American Newspaper Publishers' Committee on Social Security.*

FOR RENT—If you'll agree to talk to suit me about the war, speak kindly about Roosevelt and vote for Bibb Graves, I'll rent you a room cheap. J. P. Shelton. – *Advertisement in The Tuscaloosa, Alabama, News.*

In this same Southland, you will discover among the Negroes a greater degree of universal Christian culture, education, and economic independence than in all the rest of the world. To what can you attribute this marvelous progress of this race from slavery to the elevated position it now occupies? There can be but one answer: They have been permitted to develop cultural standards of their own, unhampered by an intermeddling and dominant race. They have their own churches, their own grammar and high schools, their own colleges and universities. Our steam railways furnish them separate coaches, leaving them free in their transportation from the critical inspection of other races who neither understand nor can sympathize with the advantages and disadvantages under which this race has made its marvelous progress in the last seventy-five years. – *From the supplementary brief filed separately with the Supreme Court (in the Mitchell case) by the state of Kentucky, and signed by Hubert Meredith, attorney general, and M. B. Holifield, assistant attorney general.*

The Nathan Straus Library will open with a collection of 11,926 volumes, a little more than half of which will be for young people and the remainder for children. It is named for the late Nathan Straus, merchant and philanthropist, because the building was erected with funds given to the city by Mr. Straus for the distribution of pasteurized milk to the poor. – *From The New York Times.*

No Cause for Alarm

The Reich's Minister of Propaganda, Dr. Joseph Goebbels, told me in an interview that he did not disparage the prospect of the United States in the war. He said that Germany did not fear the military effect of American participation, but the consequences, in his opinion, would be a prolonged war, with world economic dislocation, increasing poverty, distress and disorder which, if continued, would in the end mean social chaos, anarchy. – *John Cudahy, former American Ambassador to Belgium, as reported in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

After the War Is Over

SIR: George Fort Milton, in The New Republic for April 28, confines himself to superficial methods of handling the post-war emergency. By the time the defense program is finished, the public debt will be colossal. How can anyone hope that the money can be borrowed to carry on a tremendous pump-priming program continuously? It just isn't in the cards.

There are millions of men and women in this country who know very well that there is only one way to solve the problem of unemployment and poverty—by means of democratic socialism. Why are they so timid about advocating it?

I am aware that a sudden leap into complete democratic socialism cannot be made, but there should be a concerted effort on the part of these millions of enlightened people to obtain the establishment of enough socialized, self-sustaining industries to employ the vast numbers who will otherwise be unemployed when the defense program wanes.

Milwaukee, Wis. JOHN M. WORK

Our Democratic Navy

SIR: The Commander-in-Chief may be able to answer this one. Just prior to a recent lacrosse game between the United States Naval Academy and Harvard University, Rear Admiral Russell Wilson, superintendent of the Academy, wired William J. Bingham, Director of Athletics at Harvard University, offering him the alternative of benching Lucien V. Alexis Jr., a Negro student, or accepting a forfeit of the game from Navy.

Such action is strangely reminiscent of some of the performances given by you-know-who. I am just wondering a little bit what we are trying to protect this country from, and wouldn't it be a lot simpler just to kiss and make up? If we are going to protect this country from something, I think it should be more than keeping the navy free from racial contamination.

Washington, D. C. GEORGE SHASKAN JR.

The Small Investor

SIR: In spite of a number of exhaustive investigations conducted by congressional committees and the SEC into the matter of the reorganization of debtor corporations, the lot of the small security-holder caught in the maze of this elaborate process remains an unhappy one.

Forces beyond his control, moving mysteriously through the labyrinths of law courts, attorneys' offices and bankers' strongholds, operate to keep the little man hopelessly confused. At the end, it all too often happens that he has nothing but a copy of a complicated plan for the reorganization of the company in which he has invested and from which plan his interests are excluded.

What the SEC has called "the emoluments of control" are the high stakes in this bewildering game played by underwriters, trustees, committees representing the larger interests and receiver-appointees of federal and state courts, frequently chosen for political rather than financial or business qualifications.

It is our boast that wide diffusion of security ownership results in the democratic control of our corporations. We cannot expect rules and regulations imposed from above to make democracy work in this field. There must be independent action on the part of the majority of the security-holders in a debtor corporation, if their interests are to be preserved. This action

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must be based upon understanding of the part played by politics and patronage in the selection of trustees, receivers and attorneys. The whole reorganization strategy must be set apart from political considerations if the little men who have shown their faith in our economic system by their investments are to be protected in times of crisis.

New York City IRVING T. BUSH

Compliments from Readers

SIR: When I read George Soule's article "To Avoid Inflation" in your April 14 issue, I sighed a big "at last!" Here, finally, I could read about inflation from one who has sense enough to link the problem to production. This ought to clear up some of the confusion and floundering and makeshift remedies.

Evanston, Ill. LORRAINE GAYLORD

SIR: This letter is one of appreciation to Max Lerner, and to The New Republic for publishing his articles. I wish there were more who held Mr. Lerner's precise comprehension of true democracy. It seems to me that the basic impulse behind his ideas is religious and moral. From his articles one gets encouragement and hope.

Fort Garry, Manitoba MARGUERITE ADAMSON

American Indians Aren't Nazis

SIR: Reviewing Miss Debo's and Mr. McWhorter's valuable books on Indians in your April 21 issue, Stanley Edgar Hyman writes: "Anyone anxious to know why Nazism is making such rapid progress among American Indians need go no further than these two books."

Mr. Hyman evidently has been misinformed by the statements of various fifth-column groups. A number of these groups, including Pelley's Silver Shirts, the Militant Christian Patriots and the German-American Bund itself, have addressed themselves to the Indians, and have made more or less grandiose claims about Indian converts. They have been assisted by a ruling of the courts of Nazi Germany which declared the Indians to be Aryans.

There is an organization which maintained a liaison with most of the fifth-column groups across recent years. This organization sought one-dollar memberships among Indians by undertaking to procure from Congress cash in the amount of $3,000 for each living Indian whose dollar was tendered, and in the name of each dead ancestor, if a dollar was tendered in that name as well. However, your reviewer is much in error as to the results of these blandishments. Nazism has made no progress at all among the Indians. Three or four Indians did temporarily unite themselves with the Bund in Southern California, and one mixed-blood Indian from the Northwestern area became a Bund orator. Some thousands of Indians paid their dollar in the hope of getting back $3,000, but it was no sign of Nazi tendencies to have been victimized. The campaign to Nazify the Indians was a total failure. The record is given quite exhaustively in printed hearings of the House Committee on Indian Affairs, held in June, 1940.

JOHN COLLIER,

Washington, D. C. Commissioner of Indian Affairs

SIR: No correction to a reviewer could be more welcome than Commissioner Collier's information that I have vastly overrated the progress of Nazism among the Indians. I had been misled by just such fascist boastings as he speaks of into believing that where there was all that smoke there must be some fire, and I am delighted to have the opportunity to retract my statement and to apologize to the Indian people for my slur.

New York City STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN

From The New Republic Mail Bag

First to get it in the neck this week is Robert Morss Lovett, who strikes James O'Neil of Highland Park, Illinois, as being so concerned with the oppressed that he fails to sympathize with the problems of "a Churchill, a Chamberlain or a Roosevelt." He thinks Mr. Lovett forgot, in reviewing Nehru's book in the April 21 issue, that "there are probably not more than a thousand British in India 'oppressing' 300,000,000 Indians." . . . Read Bain, editor of The American Sociological Review, liked Bruce Bliven's "The Genes and the Hope of Mankind" (The New Republic, April 14), but protests that it was not the sociologists who made the bad mistake about the Kallikaks and Jukes. "If blame must be placed, some psychologists, almost all eugenists and many biologists must bear it," Professor Bain says.

William E. Sattler of New York City sends a spirited protest against Paul Rosenfeld's article on Sibelius (The New Republic, April 21). As a lay member of the "cult," Mr. Sattler insists that "the Beethoven of the north" achieves "line, balance, structure and continuity, plus orchestral ingenuity and color." Lawrence Morton, of Los Angeles, thinks Mr. Rosenfeld's arguments "are compounded of a minimum of logic and a maximum of language," and says he finds the Sibelius cult "no more objectionable than the anti-Sibelius cult." . . . From Chicago, Charles Hartshorne writes "apropos of John Haynes Holmes's comparison of war with whipping (The New Republic, April 14): if Mr. Holmes can get the Nazis in jail for us, we shall probably be quite content to whip them."

Roland A. Beens of Grand Rapids sends an agonized protest. He has just subscribed for two years so he could enjoy Bliven, Soule, Lerner and Ferguson, he says, and now finds himself distracted by what he insists is awful poetry. . . . From the Coöperative League: Fifteen coöp associations did a business of $58,821,000 in 1940, a 20.1-percent increase over 1939. . . . There'll be a short course on professional writing at Oklahoma University June 23-27. . . . E. H. of Ithaca, New York, asks for more articles on music. He says we can't compete with B. H. Haggin on recordings, "but the articles on Russian music and on Sibelius were good. Keep it up."

"Van Wyck Brooks in the April 28 issue writes that Oliver Allston 'caught lead poisoning from sleeping among the wet canvases of a young Polish painter.' 'Catching' a metallic poisoning is such an intriguing idea that I am writing to commend you for adding piquancy to your pages in these sour days." This from Dr. Thomas K. Davis of New York City.

Francis A. Porter, of Fayetteville, New York, accuses us of trying to deliver the American liberal movement, "bound and gagged," to British propagandists and Wall Street warmongers. . . . Elmer Luehr, of Chicago, asks: "How is Lindbergh a defeatist when he proclaims our ability to defend ourselves?"

Marie B. Byles writes from Cheltenham, New South Wales, that "it is most refreshing to find The New Republic and its readers taking up the problem of post-war reconstruction." . . . The Friends of the Land want *their* friends to know their address: 1212 Dupont Circle Building, Washington, D. C. . . . James G. Blaine reminds us that May 18-25 is China Week, and that the $5,000,000 United China Relief campaign is under way.

Walter J. Bilder of Newark, New Jersey, sends us an open letter to John D. Rockefeller in which he asks: "What of the evil causes that produced the tyrant? Are they to go untouched? Or is America now to resolve that its strength shall be expended to establish among the nations a new order, founded not upon force and greed but upon justice and humanity?" . . . Norman Burnside of Hollywood asks "What do you think?" and encloses a long draft for a capital levy or Million-Dollar Limit Law. Okay, won't hurt us.

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Books in Review

Marginalia

In view of what he has written in the past, Van Wyck Brooks is now surprisingly optimistic about the present and the future of American writing. "If," he says in his booklet "On Literature Today,"[1] "confining oneself to America, one thinks of talent, and even genius, the present seems to me beyond all question one of the brilliant epochs. In literary capacity, in vigor of style, in the number of our novelists, poets and critics, we are obviously in the midst of a revival." On the other hand, he complains that the tone of our writers "is cynical, bleak, hard-boiled, hard-bitten," and that with a few exceptions—he mentions Robert Frost and Lewis Mumford—they fail to express the "mood of health, will, courage, faith in human nature" which he thinks is "the dominant mood in the history of literature."

Twenty years ago, when he published his essay on "The Literary Life in America," he had a different story to tell. He said that a sense of failure "is written all over our literature," and that its chronic state "is a youthful promise which is never fulfilled." For this condition, which he did not exaggerate, he had several convincing explanations. One of them, mentioned in his essay on "Letters and Leadership," was that writers had surrendered to the optimism of the American public, which, he said, "is at once an effect and a cause of our spiritual impotence." At present he complains because writers have reacted against this optimism, and reacted too violently. We are left, then, with two symmetrical statements separated by twenty years: optimistic writers = a pessimistic Brooks; pessimistic writers = an optimistic Brooks (even though he strongly objects to their pessimism). Together the statements form a quadratic equation, but I don't know how to solve it.

I have lately been reading the back numbers of Horizon, which is the best and almost the only magazine devoted to new writing in England during the war. Founded in January, 1940, when everything was quiet along the Rhine, it has survived the fall of France, the paper shortage and the Battle of Britain—although Cyril Connolly complained after the September air raids that "the offices of Horizon would seem to be a military objective second only in importance to our printers." A worse handicap than German bombs has been the wartime apathy of the public toward serious literature, which has kept the magazine scrabbling for readers and even for writers—"Put them into battle dress," Mr. Connolly said of the latter in one of his monthly comments, "and the rest is silence." Apparently none of these difficulties has affected its literary quality. Because it has tried to present the best writing that is being done, whether experimental or popular, communist or conservative, it has become what I suppose is an accurate mirror, and in any case a most interesting reflection, of the British literary mind during the war.

One's first impression on reading the issues for 1940 is surprise at how little that mind has changed. It continues to be candid, inquisitive, dispassionate and entirely civilian. Wartime tasks and hardships seem to be nothing more than interruptions: after digging themselves out of their bombed houses, writers continued the work they had started in 1939. In the May issue, printed just before the invasion of the Low Countries, Mr. Connolly reported that a thousand manuscripts had been received, "of which nine hundred have no bearing whatever on the war; while the remaining hundred are either communist, pacifist or defeatist. No contributor has yet expressed a wish to beat the Germans." The stories printed in 1940 deal with the pre-war world; the essays are on subjects like Romantic poetry, Henry James, boys' weeklies; and their only implied comment on the crisis is to show that English writers are stubbornly attached to the culture their country is defending.

But in the first three issues for 1941, the war plays a larger part, as if it were at last being reflected in the literary consciousness. There are accounts of daily life in camps and factories, very interesting poems on air raids and army life, a general feeling of new ideas being hastily formulated. The editor promises a series of articles "concerned with the great task of constructing a better Britain after the war." Meanwhile he offers his own political statement, expressed rather offhandedly—with the consciousness that patriotism is still not the fashion in literary circles—but leaving no doubt of its force or sincerity. He says among other things that the only English political movement having dynamism enough to win the peace as well as the war is represented by the loosely joined progressive forces of several political journalists and journals, including Priestley, Hulton, Harrisson, The News Chronicle and The New Statesman. "With eventual political support from the armed forces, that is where our future government, a democratic élite of the efficient, is likely to come from. Horizon is with this movement, but," Mr. Connolly adds, "it seems pointless to advocate their politics continually when they are so well represented elsewhere. . . . We exist to provide good writing, and we must not forget it. But we barely exist, and those who wish us well can help by getting us more readers and more subscribers." Why not more American subscribers?[1]

Each new poem by T. S. Eliot is in some sense a comment on and explanation of the one that went before. Each new poem seems obscure in itself until another has appeared. That is a lesson emphasized by "The Dry Salvages," which he contributes to the May-June issue of Partisan Review. It is a distinguished piece of writing, clear in almost every phrase and line and not too difficult in each of its five sections when these are taken alone, but I don't

[1] On Literature Today, by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 29 pages. $1.

[1] Subscriptions are $3.50 a year, $1.75 for six months. Address, 6 Selwyn House, Lansdowne Terrace, London, W. C. 1.

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know what it means as a whole. Obviously it has to do with the river of time and the ocean of eternity, and the dangers incurred by sailors who launch forth on that ocean (with overtones of the danger to sailors on the actual Atlantic, and to all men living in these times). Though it does not mention bombs or tanks, it is a war poem, written in a mood strangely like that of the two heartbreaking reports from France that are printed in the same issue. It is an attempt by the author to find eternal values in the midst of catastrophic changes, and there is not much more that I can say about it. Yet however obscure in itself, it casts by indirection a new light on Eliot's "East Coker," which appeared in Partisan Review a year ago. I remember feeling a similar bewilderment when reading this earlier work, yet on turning back to it today I find that it is a surprisingly simple monody on the physical sorrows and spiritual opportunities of growing old—one of the most personal poems that Eliot has written and to me the most effective since "The Waste Land." MALCOLM COWLEY

Mr. Williams' Shakespeare

Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe, by Frayne Williams. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 396 pages. $5.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL PART of this book will not disappoint the imaginary not-too-bright giant for whom blurbs are fattened and human interest lavishly spread. Surely, there must be something very attractive in the illusion Mr. Frayne Williams tries hard to keep up, namely, that environment can be made to influence a poet once it is neatly deduced from his works. "No poet," he says, "can be comprehended without estimating his attitude toward marriage." How very true! Let us peruse the sonnets Bluebeard composed. Let us listen to the giggles and slamming doors in the dormitories of time where mighty footsteps echo. Let us believe Mr. Williams when he asserts that Shakespeare "in his mother's description of her family and friends was later to find much that would help him in the depiction of gentle womanhood." The method by which the author reaches this happy conclusion is very simple: first he suggests that Shakespeare made Volumnia out of his mother, then the process is reversed and Mary Arden is described as a Roman matron. No wonder it all fits so well.

We are also asked to take for granted "young Shakespeare's bewilderment when he learned that he, a somewhat carefree youth [I like the 'somewhat'], was about to become a father." Similarly, automatic imagination working on "country girl" and easily turning red apples into ruddy cheeks makes Anne Hathaway a "sturdy country girl in good health"—though surely she might have been lean and hysterical, just as one meets now and then pale-faced butchers and forgetful elephants. "Whatever her limitations were," says the author, "it must not be forgotten that she directly or inversely ['inversely' is safer] helped to mold the genius of William Shakespeare." And when her son died "by infection's hand," Anne "stood beside the grave with her successful husband"—though strictly speaking this was not quite the right moment for him to feel successful ("blue-eyed, gray-haired So-and-So's headless corpse," as I read somewhere the other day). Finally, it is interesting to learn that "it takes two to make a conversation and the same number to make love"—which fact, together with the second-best bed ("the most intimate monument of her life"), is about all we and the voluble author really know concerning that particular marriage.

Perseverance, however, will take the reader through to that other part where Mr. Williams discusses Shakespeare discoveries and the staging of his plays. Here the style improves considerably and the author turns out to be an intelligent critic. He is especially good in his account of the mutilation Shakespeare suffered and suffers still at the hands of actors and showmen: the powdered perversions of the eighteenth century and the purple violations of the nineteenth; the accumulation of dead theatrical tradition; and the horrors of our own time: stunt performances, the weird orgies of stage electricians, the step-step-step-and-platform complex, mystical backgrounds, open-air foolery, the criminal cutting of the best bits, the reshuffling of scenes and the platitudes of sociological suggestion.

I was disappointed not to find in "Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe" something which the pun in the title seemed to promise—a survey of his influence in other countries. Voltaire's version of "Hamlet," "King Lear" as staged in Tsarevokokshaisk and certain solemn researches of German scholars might afford more genuine fun and human interest than Shakespeare's filial affection or the hounding of masked W. H. and a disheveled brunette through the trimmed hedges of the Sonnets. VLADIMIR NABOKOV

Croce on History and Liberty

History as the Story of Liberty, by Benedetto Croce. Translated from the Italian by Sylvia Sprigge. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 324 pages. $3.75.

BENEDETTO CROCE, one of the great minds of the century and Italy's greatest living thinker, discusses in his most recent volume available in English the major problems of history and their relation to action and thought, politics and morals, and the struggle for liberty. Anything he has to say about these problems is always of moment; again we find the erudition and insight that have characterized his works on a variety of subjects. Esthetics and history, for instance, are regarded by him not in a narrow and mechanical sense, but in one that is broad and yet sharply defined, born of a critical mind operating in terms of distinctions rather than generalizations.

To call Croce the most erudite Italian since Muratori and the most philosophically minded Italian since Vico is to suggest his place not only in the history of Italian culture, but also in the history of European and Western—including, of course, American—culture. There is surprisingly little and yet surprisingly much that is peculiarly Italian in Croce's outlook, a seeming paradox explained by his concern and his ability to deal with problems that are at once Italian and universal. His physical home is in Italy, where, among fascists but not of them, he has continued to speak about things of the mind, fulfilling our highest expectations of what a cultivated citizen of the world should be. Like Vittorio Alfieri, Italy's great tragic poet, Croce has disdained the environment of servitude surrounding him, and has risen above it in order to express his passion for liberty and his hatred of tyranny.

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Croce's cardinal work in refining and clarifying the criteria governing the criticism of art is now complemented by this study of the criteria governing the criticism and writing of history. The title is taken from one of the book's forty-eight essays, all of which are animated and unified by the theme of liberty. Hegel's famous statement that history is the history of liberty is cited here and keenly criticized, and, divested of its transcendental elements, is assigned a new, fresh meaning, according to which liberty is the eternal creator of history, the subject of every history and the explanatory principle of the course of history and the moral ideal of humanity.

This position, elaborated in Croce's usual discriminating, challenging and ironical manner, is related to his central ideas; namely, the identity of history and philosophy, historical knowledge as complete knowledge, and the character of all history as "contemporary history." Cause and effect, transcendentalism and determinism find no place in the dramatic and fluid movement of Croce's thought. He takes to task all who introduce supposition and ifs into history; who, corroded by naturalism, urge a mechanistic view of causation, who, always in search of certainty, use the concept of historical foresight; and who, carried away by notions of something above or beyond history and reality, give an unhistorical content to their remarks on the logic of history—when in fact they are expressing their own transcendental notions, whether in the name of the idea, spirit or matter.

A moral, though by no means moralistic, tone pervades Croce's entire book. Vexatious problems he accepts as grounded in the reality of life, never escaping from them by devising a "philosophy" of history, that usually hybrid offspring of bad philosophy and bad historiography. Croce faces problems boldly and candidly and proceeds to formulate and "solve" them. Thus, he champions historiography as the liberation from history, helps to deliver the intellects of those who are held down by the weight of the past, and strikes an effective blow against the defeatists, the fatalists, the Spenglerians and similar thinkers.

Rarely have the place and role of history been more cogently defined, and if they are ennobled and raised here from the low status to which so many "scientific" people would relegate them, it is certainly not from any *esprit de corps* on Croce's part (he has never been and has never cared to be a professional teacher) but rather from a rigorous process of thought which is a challenge to any critical mind. It is impossible to discuss here Croce's points of view on the scope of "ethico-political history," the relations of historical writing to practical action and the requirements of practical life, the development of modern historicism against the abstractions of the rationalists. Let me say, however, that what will come as a surprise to many readers of the sections on "Historiography without a Problem" are the severe, but respectful, strictures on the *forma mentis* of such revered historians as Burckhardt and, more particularly, Ranke, the most celebrated "pure" historian, the idol of generations of history teachers and writers, who is virtually removed from his supreme position.

A word of praise is due Sylvia Sprigge's translation, a marked advance over Douglas Ainslee's confusing English versions of Croce's earlier work.

GAUDENS MEGARO

Recent Fiction

The Usurper, by Harry Harrison Kroll. Indianapolis; New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 450 pages. $2.50.

"THE USURPER" is a novel about change. The major character, Stan Butterworth, "snake eater" of Cottonwood, and the environment itself, enjoy a thoroughgoing transformation. At a time when the great plantations can no longer realize a profit, when the landed gentlemen begin to experience their own deficiencies, Butterworth's "contemptible" qualities, his frugality, his sound commercial instincts, become instruments through which he achieves power and the prestige for which he has always hungered. At the topmost rungs of his ladder are a bank presidency and the most luscious of all Cottonwood maidens.

At the same time the novel explores the ways of young love, the problems of the sharecropper and attempts at unionization. Throughout, Mr. Kroll makes a half-hearted effort at relating Butterworth to these problems, but it is more or less spurious, never exact, never grasped. The day dream is continuously exploited and whatever motion the book has doesn't occur until nearly the two-hundredth page.

This is unfortunate, because there is much in "The Usurper" that is human and warming. There are the long, lazy days of the cotton country checkered over by an indolent vernacular, the voluptuous distances and air, the toy town, the sexuality and sloth. And Mr. Kroll has a good speech:

"Shore I eats snakes. I whiffle 'em for breakfast, sniffle 'em for dinner, and finish off the day with a mess of stewed water moccasin pie ever' night for supper. That's what makes me long and lank and lean. . . ."

Or a brief, completed dialogue:

"What you know about gal's clothes? I reckon you stare-gazed too, did ye?"

"How could a body holp it?"

"I reckon you stood thar with gap-seed growing in yur eyes, too! And you a old peckerwood, and at a funeral!"

"Well, Jesus Christ, do a man have to be blind kaze he air old and at a buryin'? Besides, she ain't nothing but a brat."

"Brat or no brat, she war nigh naked, and she didn't know the name of shame!"

The murder of the cropper union leader by the plantation owners is the most moving incident of the book. Old Blease Reagan is not unlike a minor John Brown. Kroll nailed down the dualism in Reagan. He saw him, at once, as austere, visionary—and hateful. On the other side, Reagan's son, who is the apple of the author's eye, is always insubstantial. Kroll never quite absolves him from a flirtation with reality. And so it is with the whole book: the events, places and people are coquettes of events, places and people. Silhouettes, or like images seen through water, they have no weight or mass, are more like apparitions. There is a

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failure to understand the logic of the materials. There is this fertility of event and abundance of political and moral implication, but the prose does not record it; it is unheeding, as though without ears or pulse—a principle of prose that becomes a monolith. The central idea (which could have been magnificent) of an isolated man who usurps the whole wealth of a complex community becomes a technique of rural pressure politics. The drama stiffens into an exercise in addition and multiplication. Mr. Kroll's "ideal style" creates a mechanical, formulated attitude, which, in turn, leads him to a subtle alienation from his material—a danger that is implicit in naturalism, for it obstructs selection and exploration, and, ironically, fosters an indiscriminate romanticism for all of the material. Mr. Kroll *uses* too much. "I have so many ideas," Chekhov had one of his people say, "that I guess I have none."

HARVEY BREIT

Up at the Villa, by W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 209 pages. $1.75.

MR. MAUGHAM'S NEW NOVEL has an Italian setting; its characters are of the rich Anglo-American colony of Florence. In a villa above the city lives a young widow who is being courted by two men—the newly appointed governor of Bengal, his face "bronzed by the Indian sun," who would like to embellish his new post with a good-looking hostess; and a young English rake with "a thrilling warmth behind his mockery" and an "intolerably offensive lack of sentimentality." The widow has almost decided to pair off her honey and milk with the governor's bronze when she meets an Austrian refugee playing the fiddle in a café—"a dark, slender young man with enormous hungry eyes." Out of pity she gives him money and, later, still out of pity, "a unique experience, an hour of absolute happiness." But the refugee becomes furious on learning that their bliss was partly *ersatz* pity; he shoots himself, and to the two suitors is left the unfortunate task of shielding the lady from the law and still being gentlemen enough not to back down on their proposals of marriage.

It is not enough, of course, to write off a book simply by reducing it to outline and plot. Mr. Maugham, like many other novelists, has written books of merit whose schemes sound quite as ridiculous as this. What makes "Up at the Villa" Mr. Maugham's worst novel is the perversion of all the talents we have formerly admired in him. His ability to step straight into a story and tell it cleanly and directly becomes here the economy of a writer with a chore to get off his hands. His ability to make his people move and speak talent that had weakened in his recent work—is here exchanged for pushing the characters in front of him as without the author's guiding hand becoming visible—a blatantly as a nursemaid pushing a baby carriage. His pleasure in decorating his settings with trappings that complete the personalities of his characters becomes here the monotonous listing of a better-class auction sale. His disregard for the status and professional morality of ladies and gentlemen —the readiness to show up their posturings and smallness, confident that the reader will preserve some sympathy for them as human beings—is replaced here by a parade of fashion plates in whom we are expected to see a combination of human frailty and the capacity for suffering.

In the past Mr. Maugham has been perfectly capable of constructing stories with an admirable balance between straight narrative and the study of human behavior. He has enjoyed odd combinations of people and places and has excelled in his special mixture of "thriller" and characization. This get-up began to hang stiffly and shine at the seat in his collection "The Mixture as Before." In "Up at the Villa" it turns out like the design of the architect who tried to combine the Classical and the Gothic in a single frontage. "Neither one thing nor t'other," Lord Palmerston said of it, "a regular mongrel affair." NIGEL DENNIS

Hold Autumn in Your Hand, by George Sessions Perry. New York: The Viking Press. 249 pages. $2.

THIS IS an appealing little novel about a Texas sharecropper who is licked but won't stop punching. It can't be paraphrased to serve as advanced sociology or letters to your congressman or hot editorial matter. It wasn't intended that way, so perhaps the book has two strikes on it even before you try the binding; and it isn't listed anywhere as required reading on the subject of tenant farmers and/or sharecroppers. But if you can find truth in fiction without authors' asides to make the point, "Hold Autumn in Your Hand" spells out a sharper indictment than half a shelf of social-document novels that never rise above a dreary survey of CONDITIONS, woodenly fitted out with the appropriate, and equally dreary, situations, characters and dialogue.

This Sam Tucker is a farmer and not just through circumstances, but by preference. He responds to the problems of soil and weather and the thousand contingencies of farming just as any conscientious workman might answer to the challenge of his craft. But now he's down and very nearly out—an agricultural laborer and handyman, and marginal at that. At thirty-eight, strong, likable, decent and in his own way able, he's not much better than a scavenger for his wife, grandmother and two kids. He's farmed cotton on shares in the sand country, where a man and his wife working together can average about four bits a working day and lucky not to get jobbed out of half of that by the commissary. What he wants now, before he goes back to that or relief or whatever, is to get in just one good crop of corn and cotton from productive land and know the farmer's sense of accomplishment and a job well done, even if the crop belongs to somebody else.

The book is mostly about how he does just that on sixty-eight acres of rich, black soil owned by the local big-time cotton man in the San Pedro River bottoms. It is a story of killing work from sunup to dark in the scorching heat, with worry about bugs and floods thrown in. The pay: six bits a day for Sam, four bits for Nona. The house is hardly more than a ruined outsize privy and the baby gets pellagra and of course there never is quite enough to eat. The excitement in the book, and it really is that, comes from Sam's small victories over starvation—through hunting, fishing, finding wild honey, making syrup; from the major victory over sickness through the discovery that canned vegetables will check pellagra, and so on.

That's the point: Sam won't quit; and he keeps his sense of humor and gets a great belt out of living and doing. And because Perry tells all this with robustness and a fine swinging style, a lot of reviewers have cheerily announced this as the happy little book about sharecroppers and the

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answer to "The Grapes of Wrath." Which is in most cases not so much a stupid distortion as a seemingly deliberate one. Because at the end of the book Sam is still a human scavenger. Not until next spring (if all goes well) will he again know the joys of a fourteen-hour, six-bit day. Perry is aware that even at the lowest economic level men laugh and have dreams and glory in their pathetic minor triumphs over the forces that keep beating them down. But he never meant the story of Sam Tucker as a look at life in the agricultural South through rose-colored glasses. Nor, as the ridiculous jacket blurb would have it, as "a novel of the land that starts with determination and good humor and ends in victory and hearty laughter." What victory? And who's laughing?

MAX GISSEN

City of Illusion, by Vardis Fisher. New York: Harper and Brothers. 382 pages. $2.50.

FOR HIS LEADING CHARACTER in this novel Vardis Fisher has taken one of the fabulous figures of Virginia City, Nevada, during the bonanza era of that incredible community. Out of the scanty material which exists on Eilly Orrum Bowers, Mr. Fisher has made a portrait which is part Puritan and part mystic. It is known that Eilly Bowers thought she was a seer, and it is also known that she wanted to be Queen of the Washoe. The rest is legend, and in his novel Mr. Fisher has attempted to create a character and an atmosphere out of fragmentary material.

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American history. It has never been told properly in either fiction or non-fiction. An American Zola might do justice to it, or Theodore Dreiser, had he grown up in the Far West, might have made a significant novel out of this episode in the history of rugged individualism. What the story cannot stand is sentimentality and efforts to create moral significance, and it seems to me that Mr. Fisher is addicted to both. The story calls for intelligent realism, imaginative understanding and laughter. None of these qualities is present in Mr. Fisher's novel. He has made a commonplace tale out of rich contemporary data, without the addition of creative imagination or the artistry of style.

Sandy Bowers, husband of Eilly Bowers, becomes in Mr. Fisher's hands an unrealistic portrait of an appealing fumbler. His wife, more aggressive and more stark, turns into a Eugene O'Neill heroine of the mining camps. Neither interpretation seems to have sufficient historical authenticity. The few pages devoted to the Bowers couple, based on contemporary sources, in George D. Lyman's "The Saga of the Comstock Lode" give the reader an impression of more American realism than Mr. Fisher grants them in his fictionalized version. M. R. WERNER

Zapata the Unconquerable, by Edgcum Pinchon. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 342 pages. $3.

UNTIL NOW, the only biography of Emiliano Zapata in English was "The Crimson Jester," by H. H. Dunn, self-avowed spy for Porfirio Díaz. Full of blood-curdling trimmings, it was the crudest of all the falsehoods concerning the Mexican revolution. Now Mr. Pinchon's book appears, to redress the balance in favor of the most consistent and incorruptible of Mexico's agrarian revolutionists.

Mr. Pinchon writes with one eye on Hollywood: the scenario is ready for shooting. But Zapata's life was made to order for an American movie or a Mexican ballad. To be the hero of one of those popular ballads (they are still sung and hawked in all of Mexico's market places) one must have been valiant, despoiled the rich and given to the poor, outwitted the Federals, and died by treachery. Zapata fits this pattern to perfection.

Yet even in Mexican balladry there has been scant justice done to this greatest of the agrarian leaders. Outside of the rural South, which was his stamping ground, I know of no ballad or broadsheet that does not malign him. It is the tragedy of peasant revolutions that they can succeed only when they find some social basis of support in cities, and Mexican urban life had not developed to the point where Zapata could find such a basis. He took Mexico City once, but rejected the idea of the presidency for himself and could not find the man or movement there that he might count on. Slowly, since his death, the capital and the country have been catching up with him. Therein lies the key to what progress has been made by the Mexican revolution.

Zapata alone of all the *caudillos* had a plan for agrarian redress and he fought each President in turn—Díaz, Madero, Huerta, Carranza—in his effort to find one who would accept the plan and execute it. He could not be intimidated, or bought, or deceived for long, or permanently defeated. Though he died fighting alone and with his reputation at lowest ebb, slowly the ideas of his plan have imprinted themselves on the promises, and even the performance, of every aspirant for power. What is enduring in the otherwise mortal reputations of Cabrera and Carranza, of Obregón and Calles and Cárdenas, is mainly the extent to which they have put into life Zapata's "plan of Ayala," for distributing the land to the peasants.

Some sense of this is conveyed in "Zapata the Unconquerable," and along with it battle scenes, hairbreadth escapes, chivalrous deeds and acts of crude justice sufficient to make the average Western pale by comparison.

The author has chosen the novel form for his biography. He does not avoid the pitfalls that are common to the method: fabricated dialogues of dubious accuracy throw doubt upon greater matters. He fails to reproduce the text of the plan of Ayala, more stirring and dependable than any fabricated conversation. He consults only favorable sources and makes his hero just a shade too perfect. Here and there overwriting weakens scenes which naked exactness would have made terrific. The editing and proofreading of Spanish expressions are surprisingly careless, and some of the attempts at bringing the narrative "up-to-date" are unfortunate, too. Whatever the classic Latin American pattern of the Díaz dictatorship was, it was not a "fascist phalange." Nor could the term "Jew" possibly have been on the lips of so many of these people, from Zapata to the reactionary generals, when they spoke of Madero.

But in spite of its defects, the book remains on the whole an exciting and substantially accurate biographical novel and breaks ground for the appreciation of Zapata in this country. In accuracy and truthfulness it represents a great advance over the same author's "Viva Villa." May it get as good handling in Hollywood! BERTRAM D. WOLFE

Contributors

THURMAN ARNOLD is Assistant Attorney General of the United States and the author of "The Folklore of Capitalism" and "The Bottlenecks of Business."

LEWIS COREY, the author of "The House of Morgan," "The Decline of American Capitalism" and "The Crisis of the Middle Class," is working on a study of the history and problems of democracy and socialism.

MAX EASTMAN's most recent books are "Marxism: Is It Science?" and "Stalin's Russia and the Crisis in Socialism." He is now writing for Simon and Schuster "Twelve Who Lived Greatly," which will contain a study of Freud's mentality and his position between science and literature.

VLADIMIR NABOKOV is a Russian novelist. Two of his books have been translated into English, "Laughter in the Dark" and "Despair."

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MAX GISSEN was formerly editor of Teachers' Guide and is a frequent contributor to The New Republic.

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